



ALL NEW STORIES
and ART



The FLINTSTONES

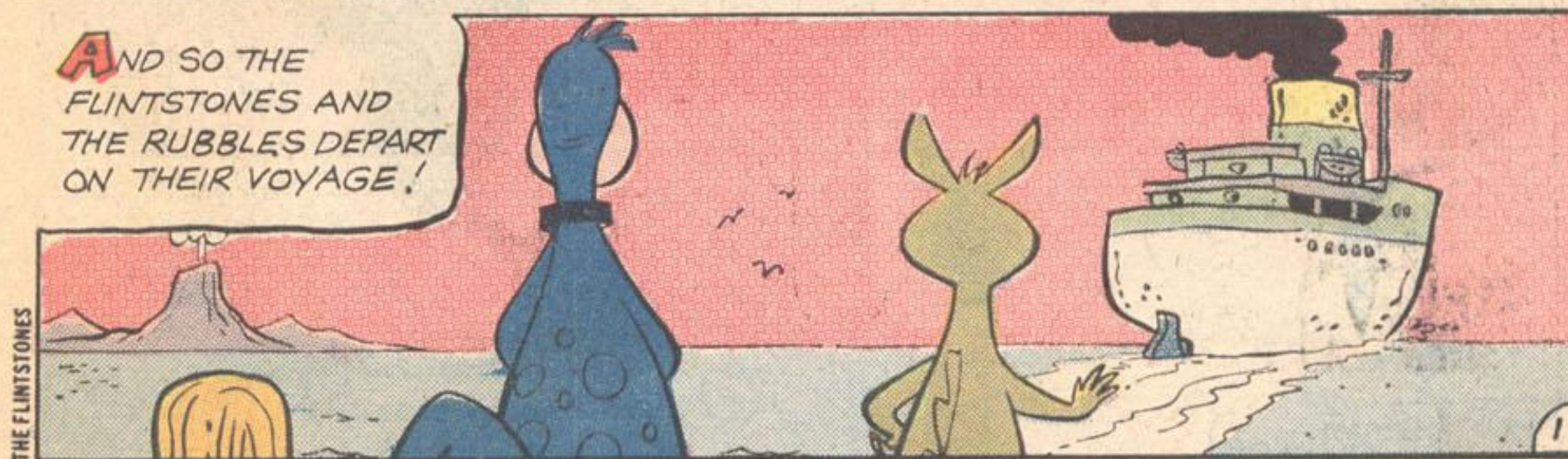
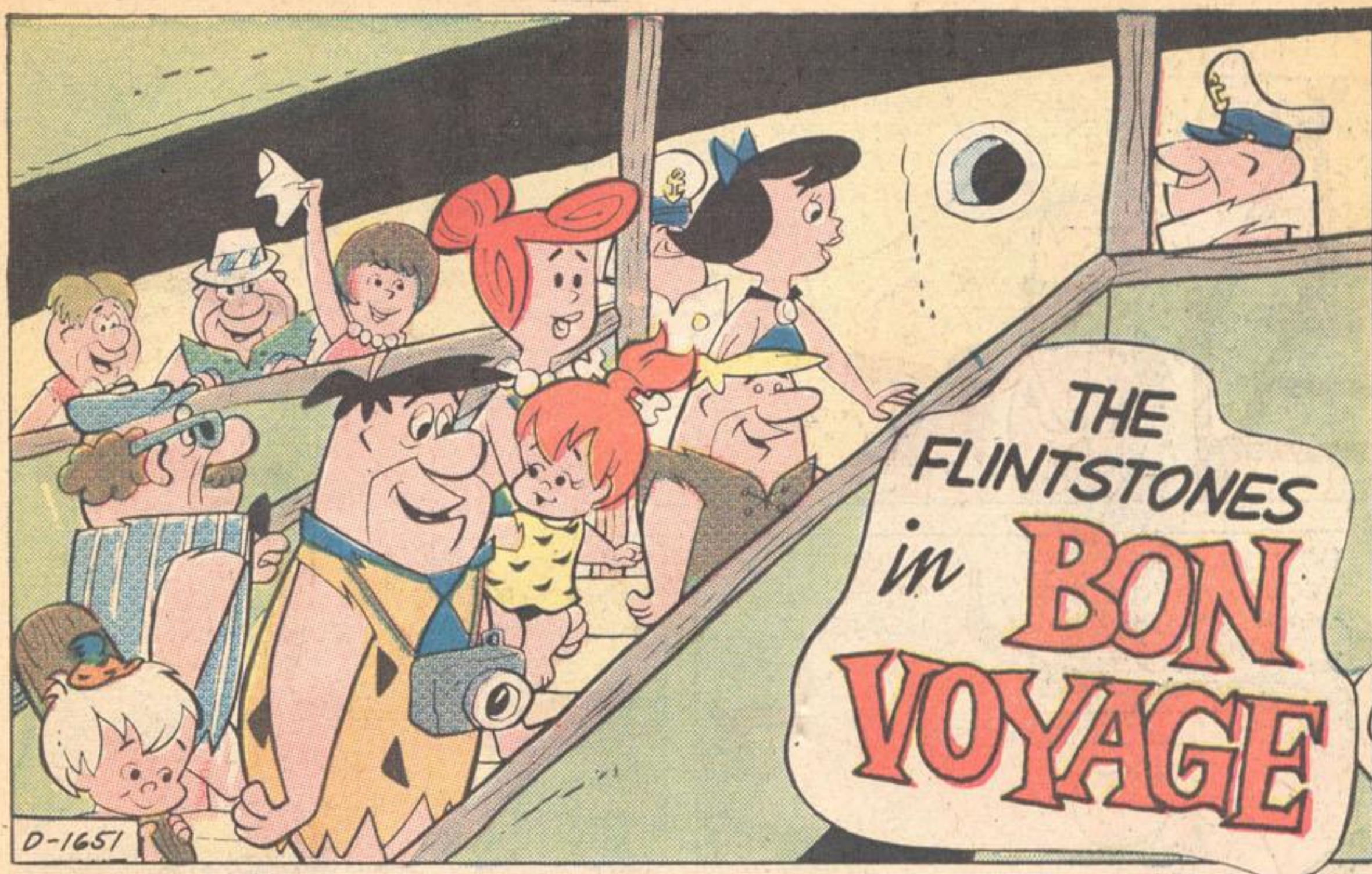
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THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES
NO. 9
DEC.
CDC
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RAY DIRGO

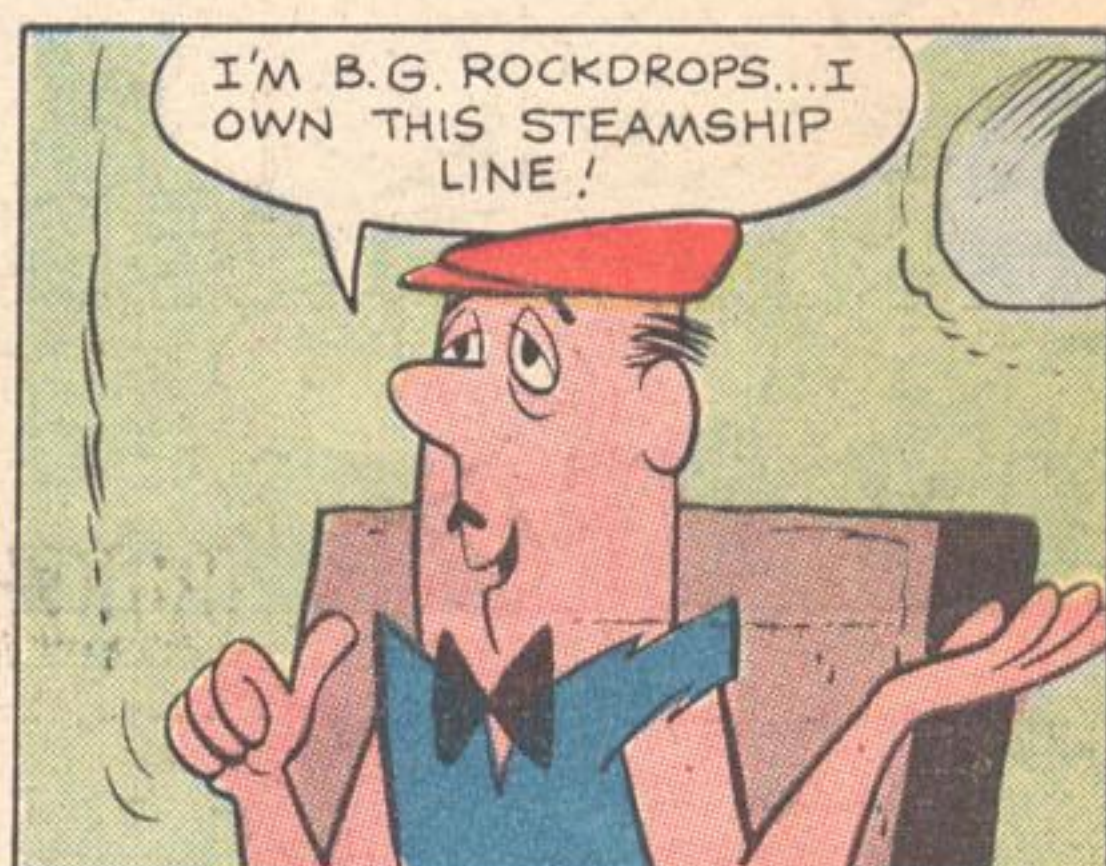
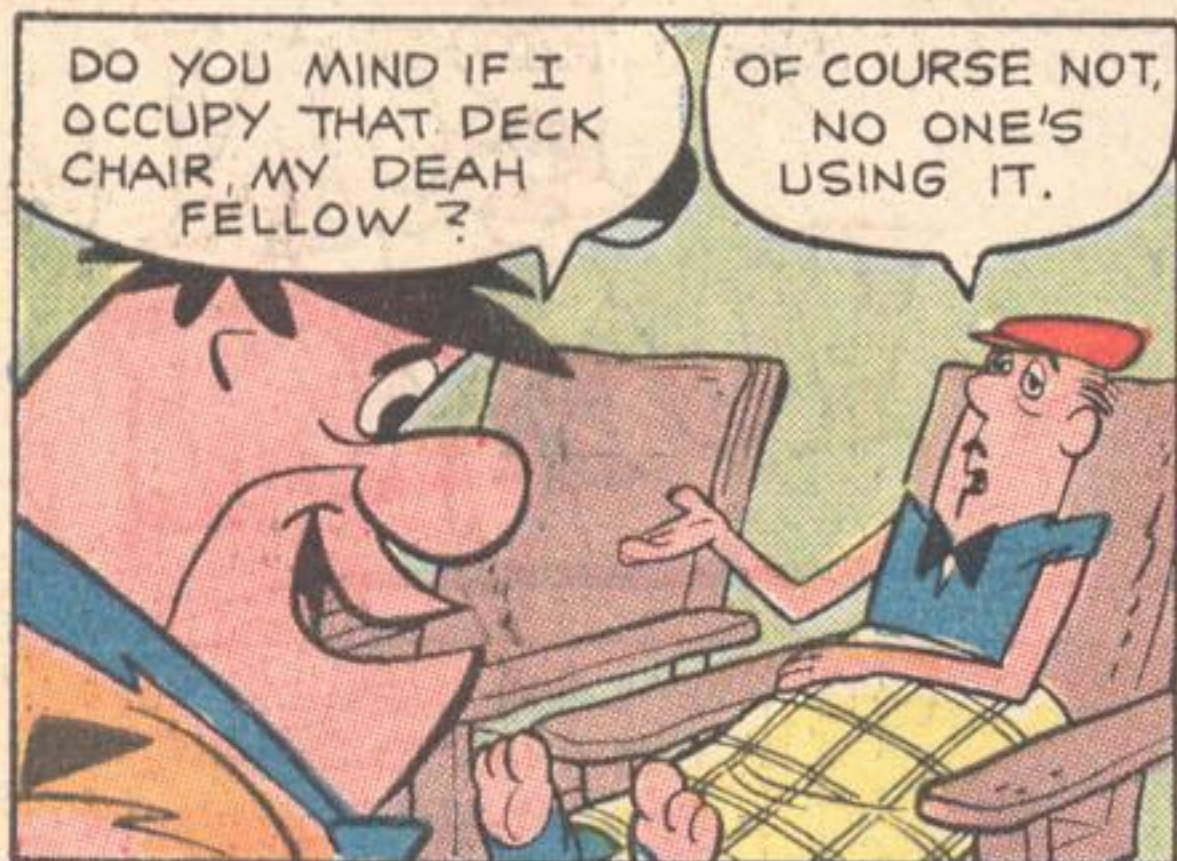
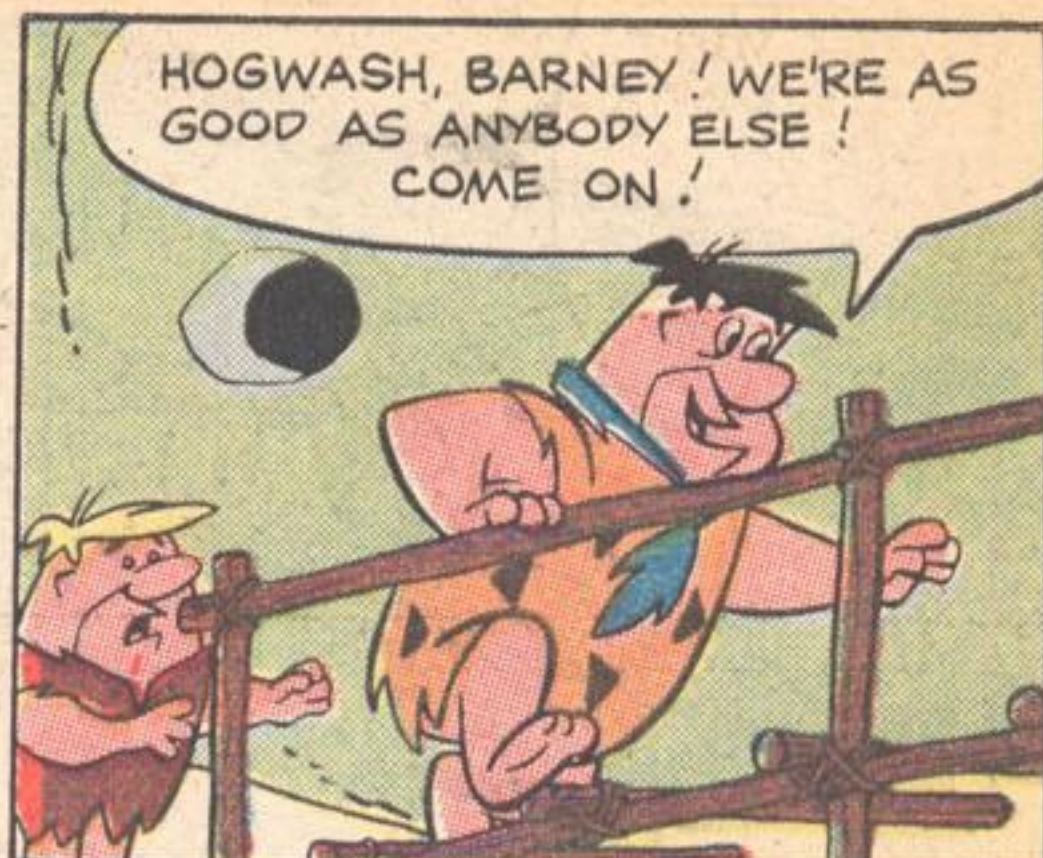


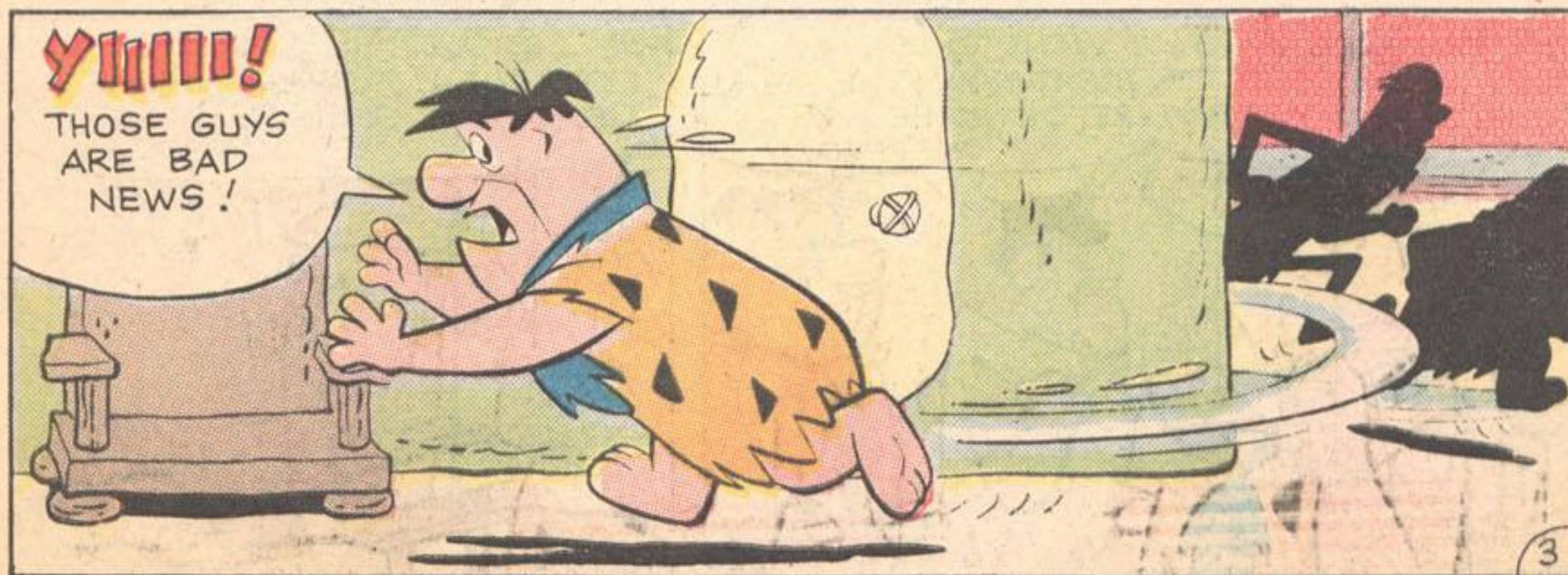
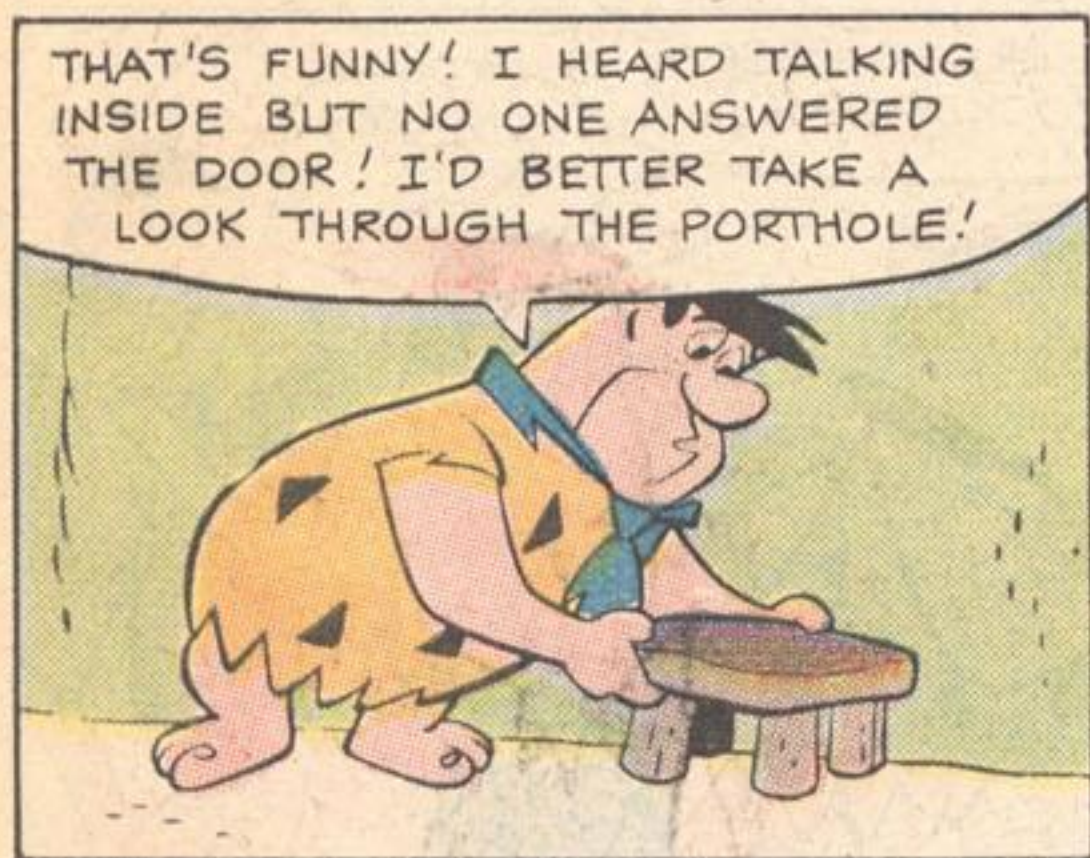
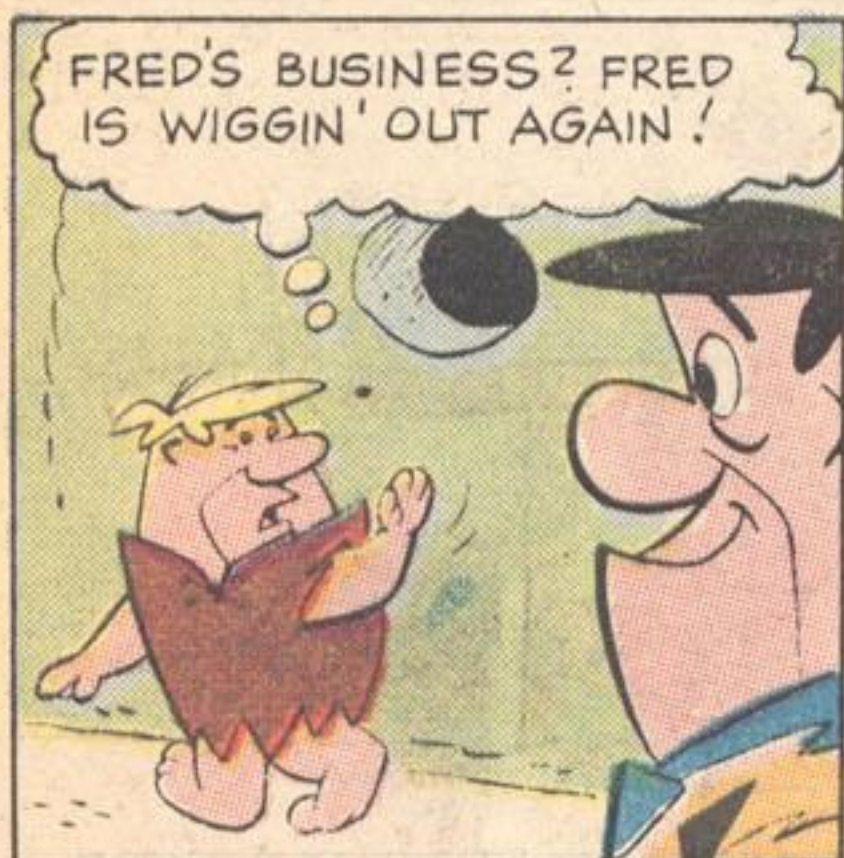
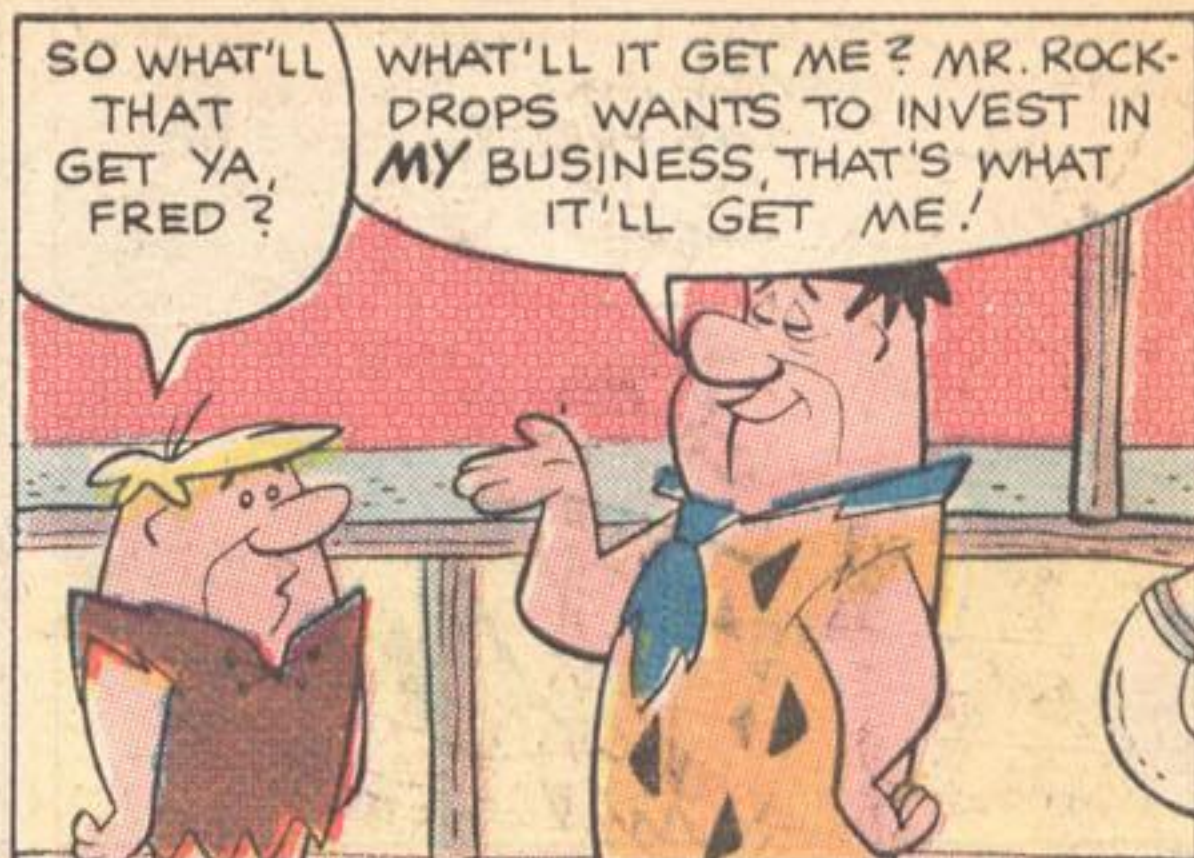
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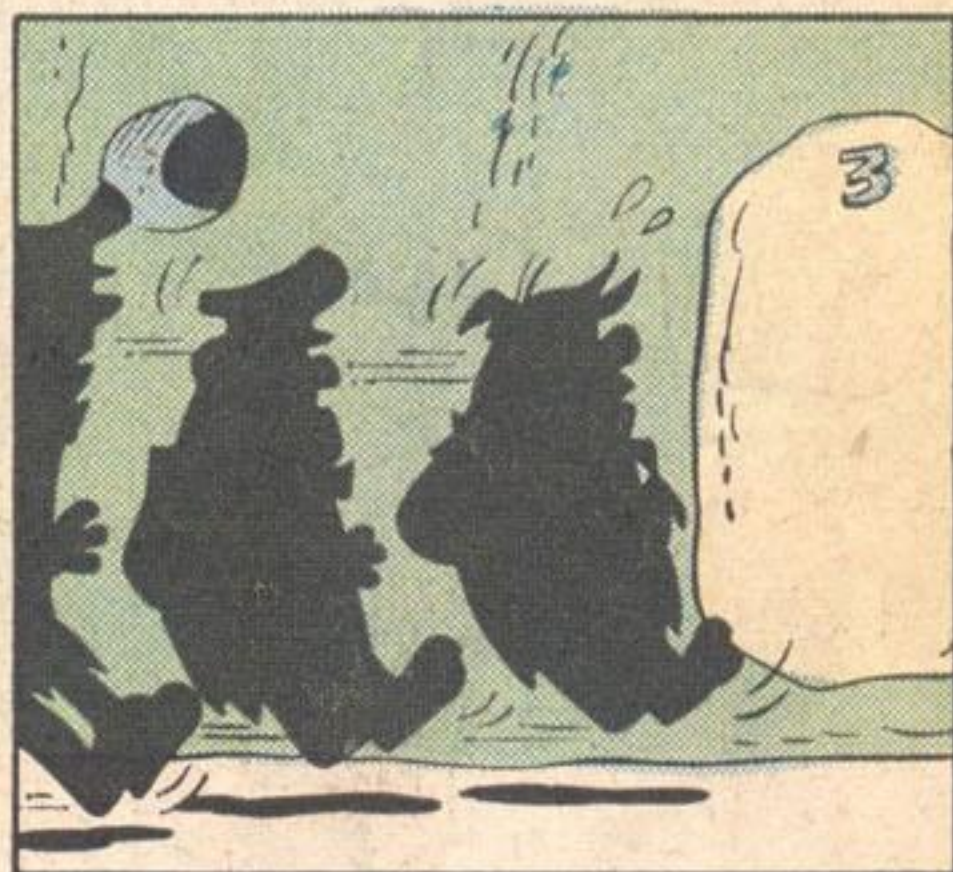
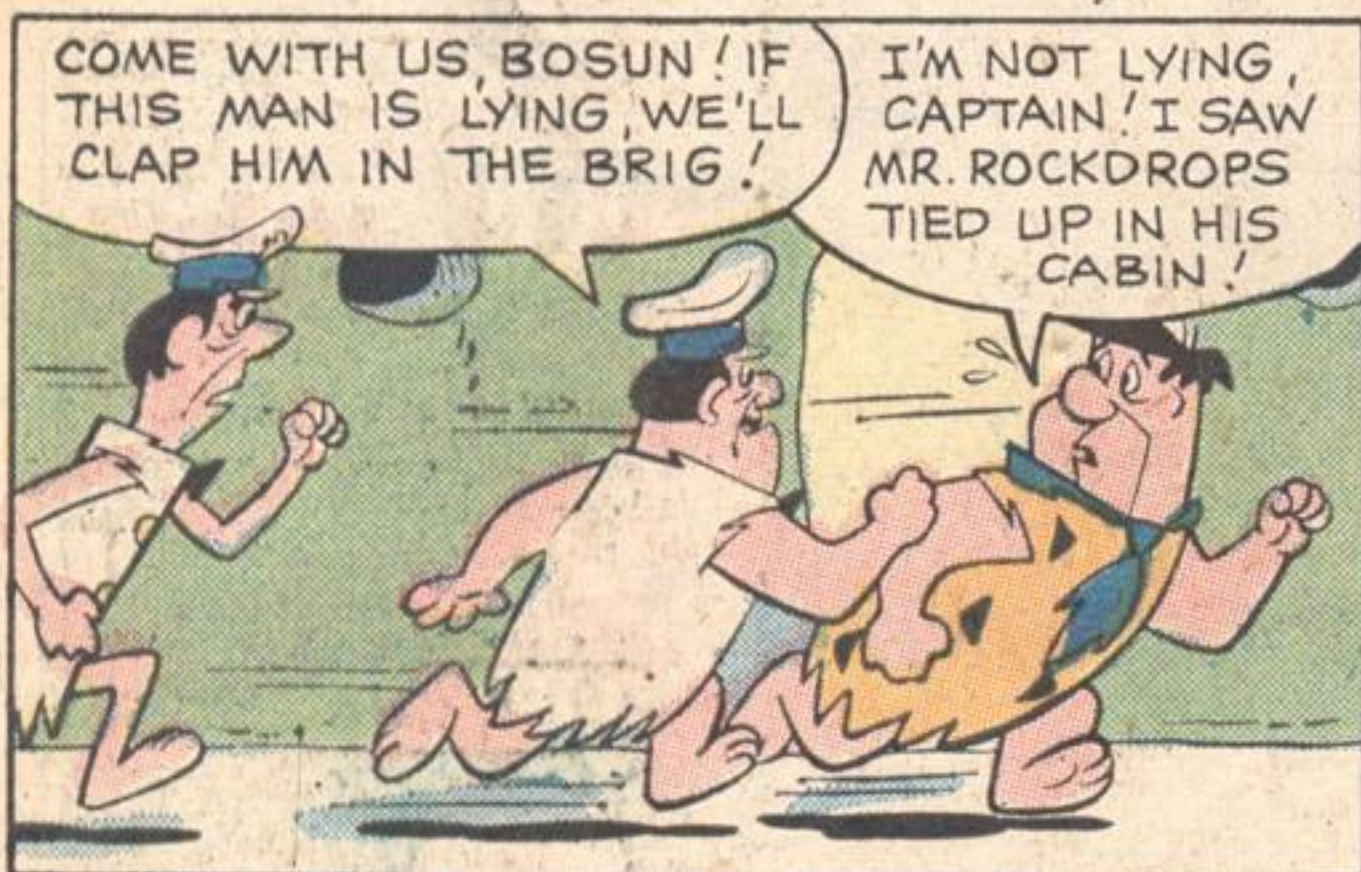
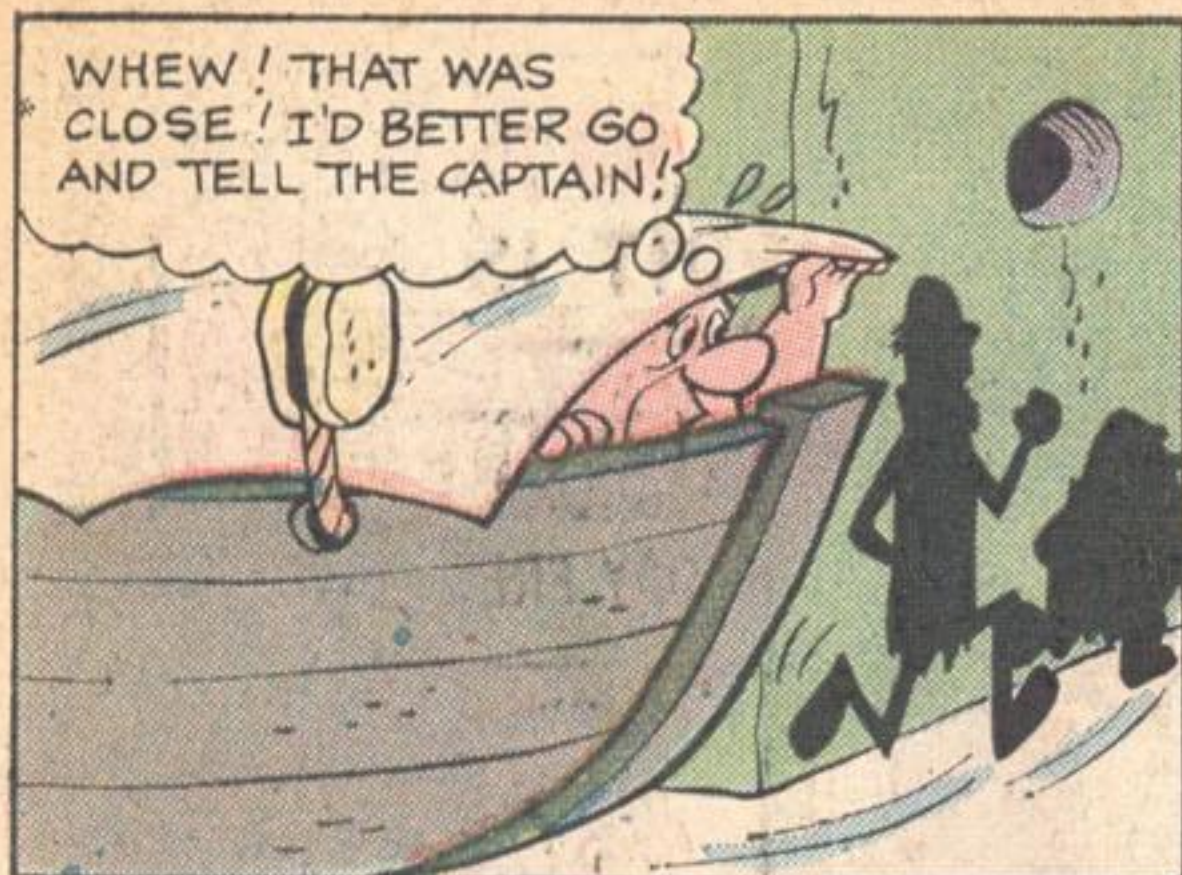


THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 2, No. 9, December, 1971.
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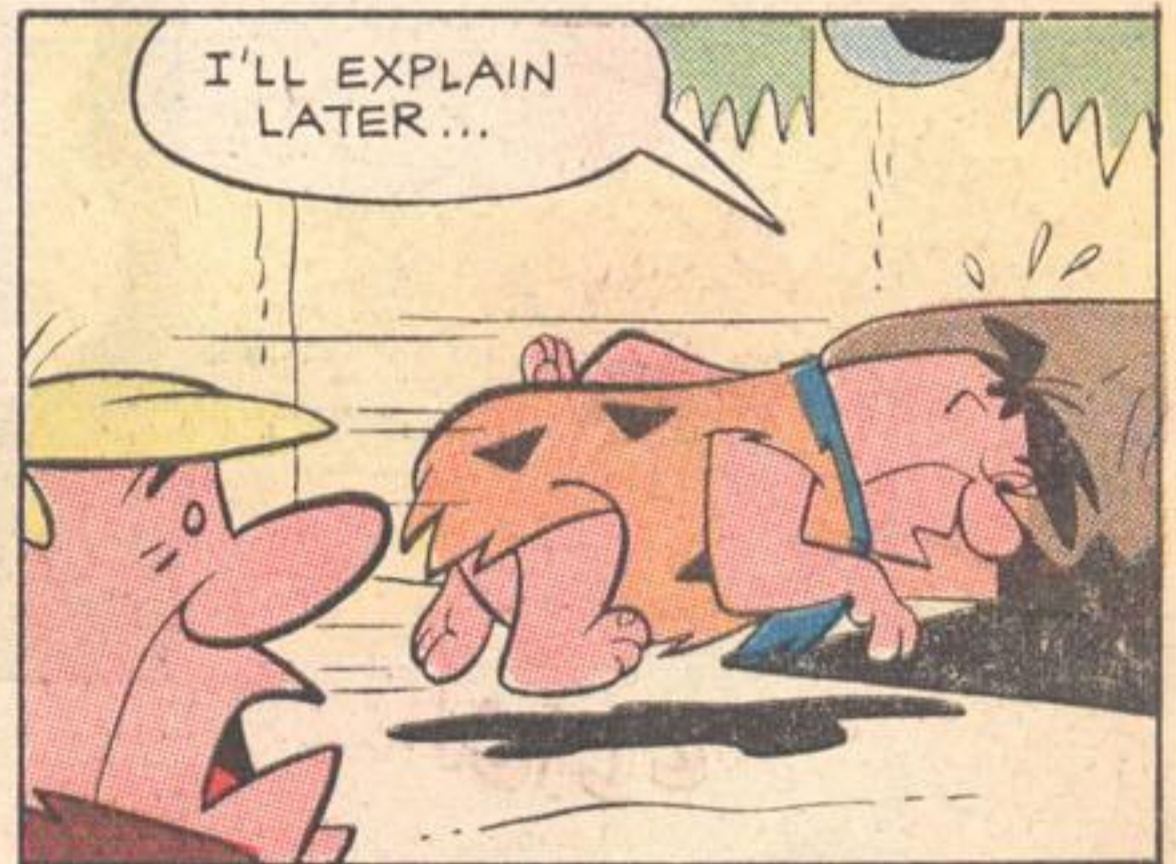
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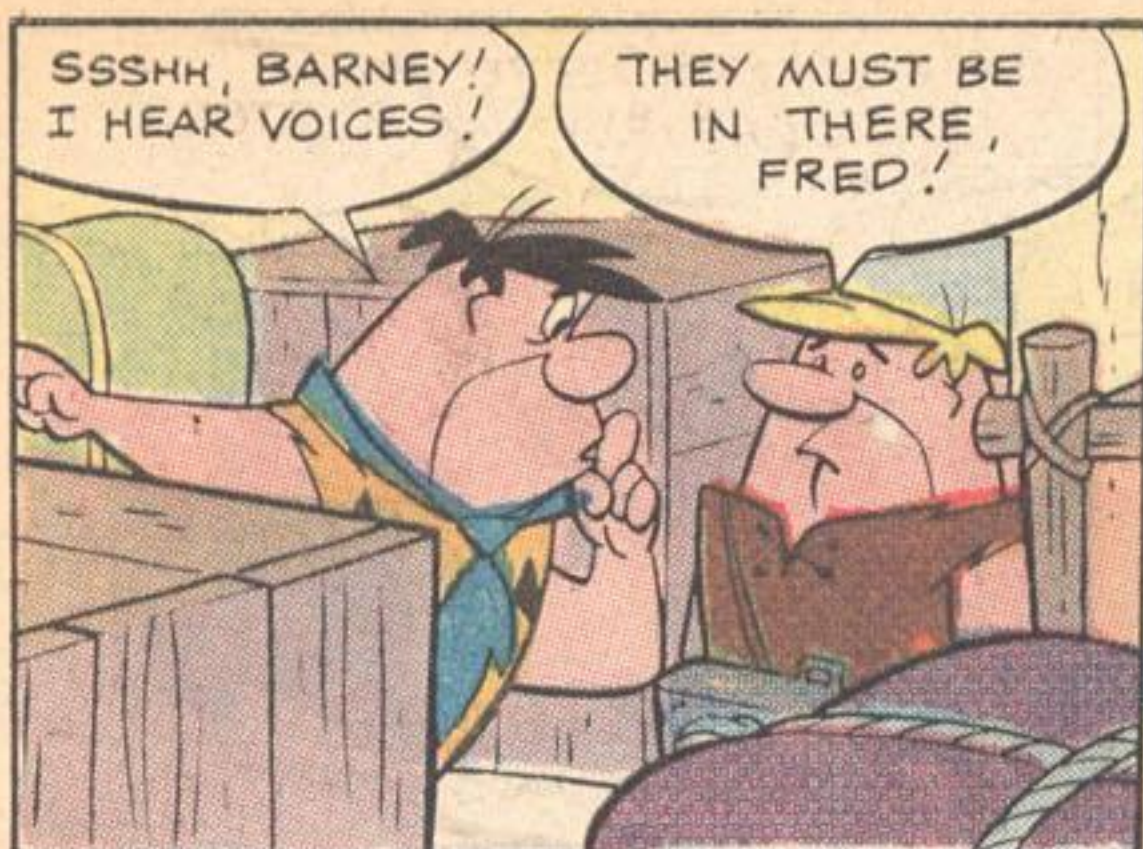






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I'LL PROVE I DIDN'T LIE!
LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!

OKAY, FATTY! TAKE US TO
THE PLACE AND NO
TRICKS THIS TIME!

FOLLOW ME,
CAPTAIN!

HURRY UP! WE'VE GOTTA
GRAB THE OTHER STOOL
PIGEON BEFORE HE
SNITCHES ON US!

HOLD IT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE DESPER-
ATE MEN AND THEY'VE GOT BARNEY
AND MR. ROCKDROPS PRISONER!
THEY MIGHT HURT THEM...

I'LL GO IN FIRST AND LET
THEM CAPTURE ME! WHILE
THEY'RE DOIN' THAT,
YOU GRAB THEM!

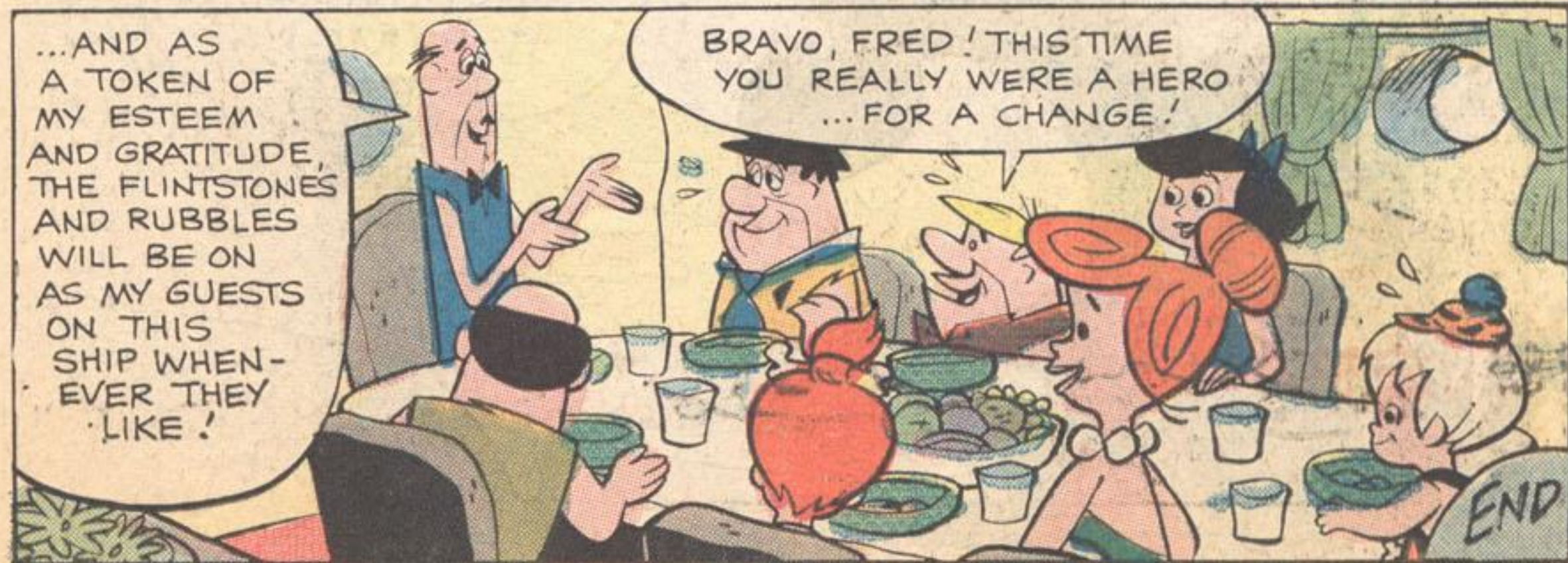
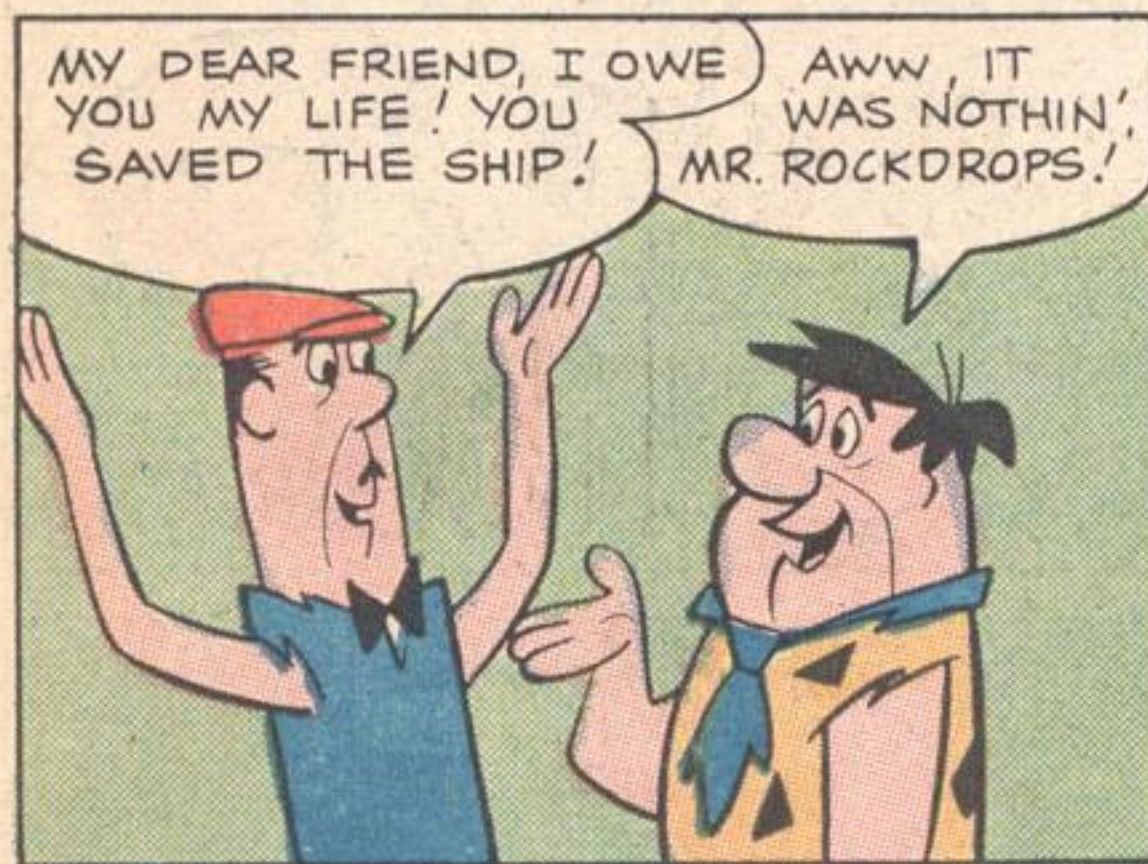
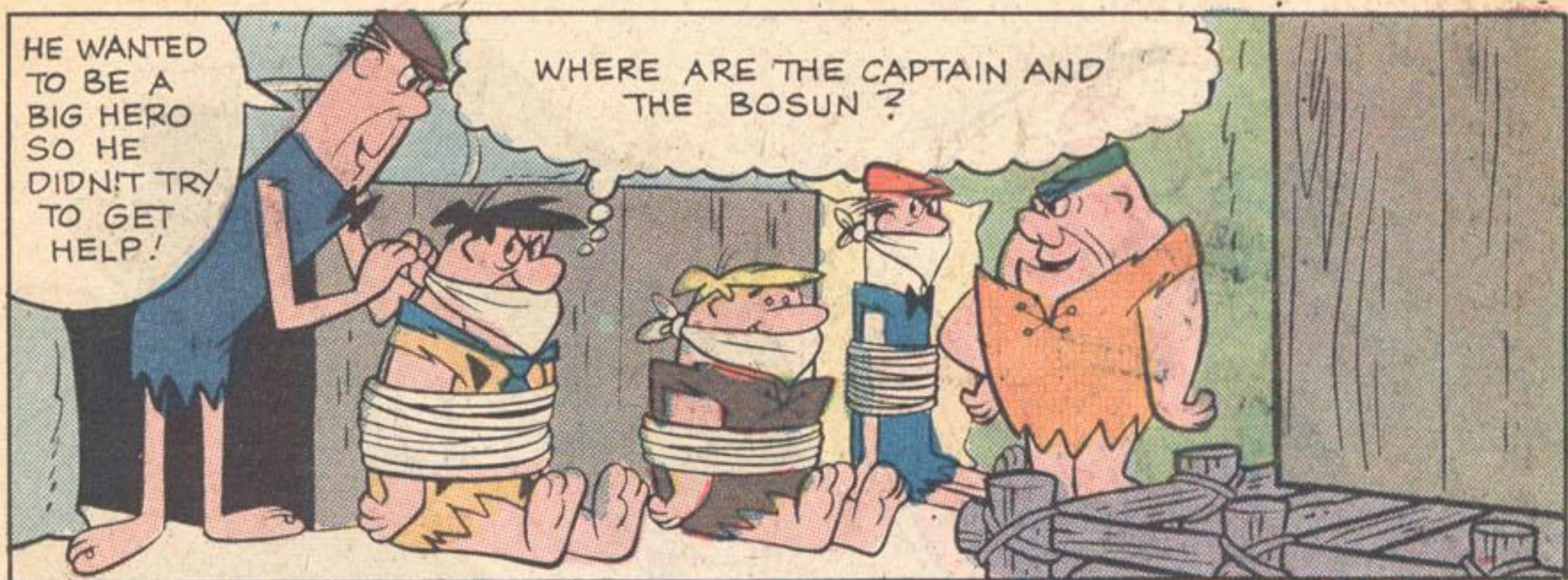
AN EXCELLENT
PLAN, SIR!

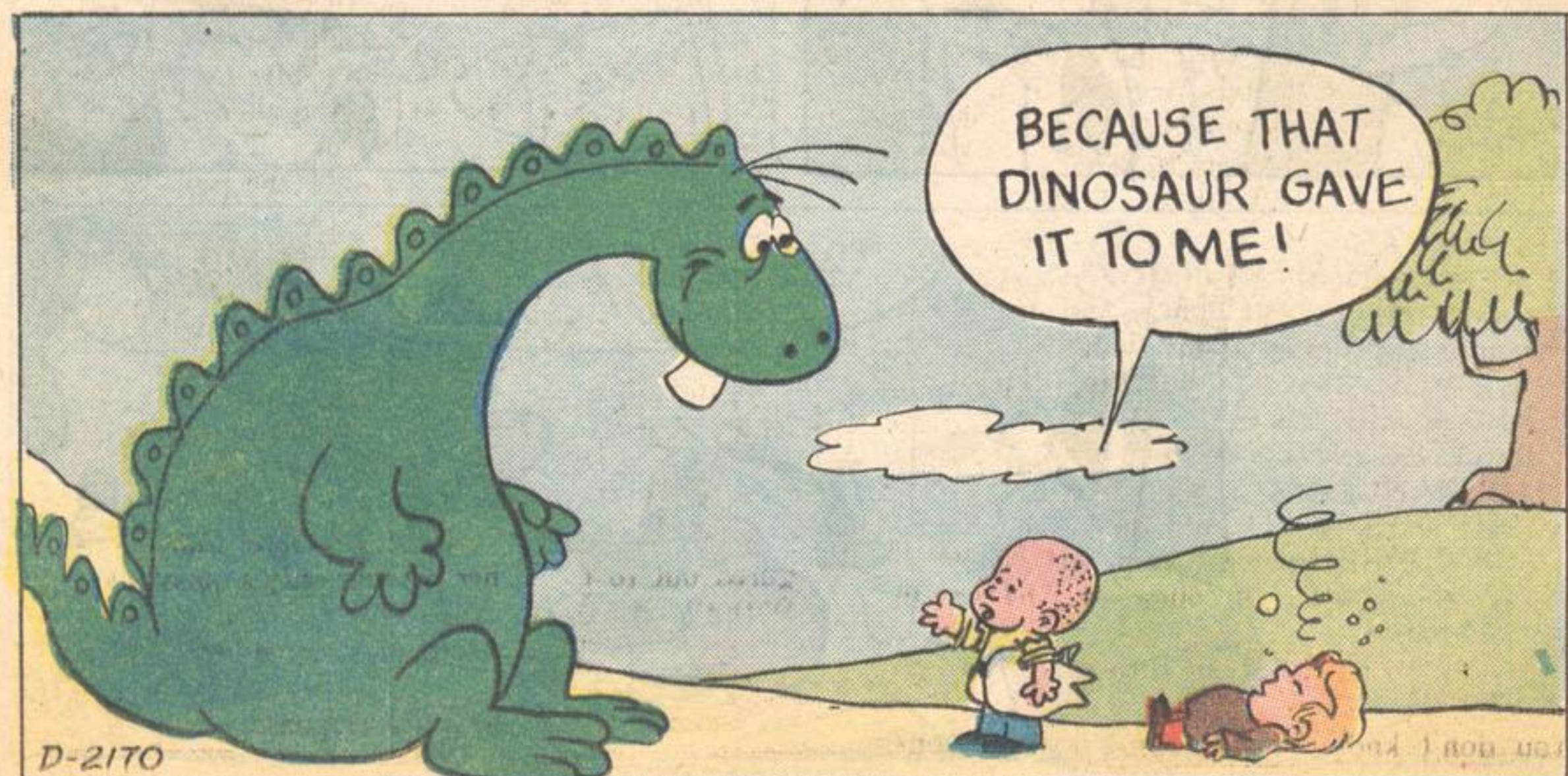
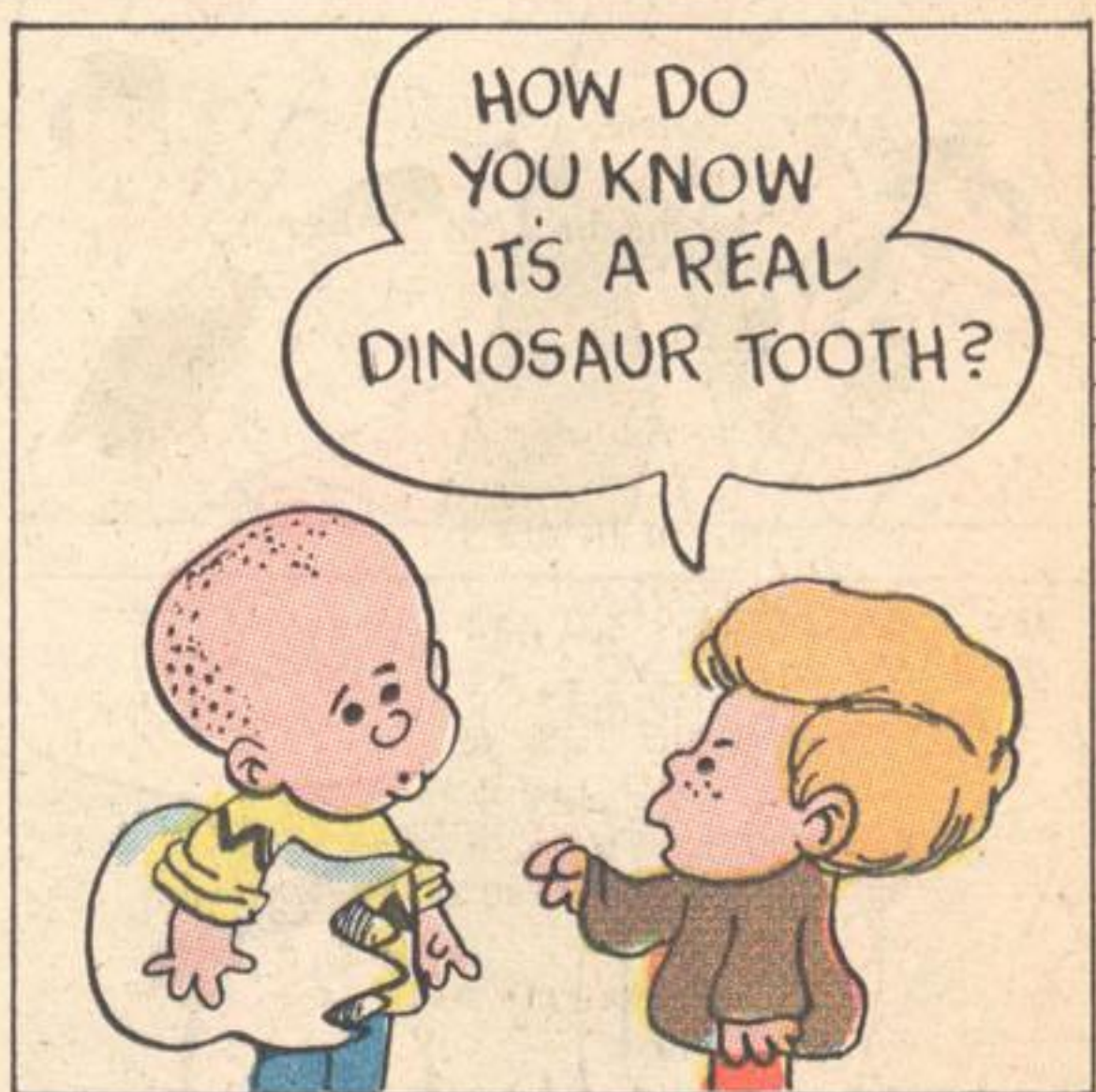
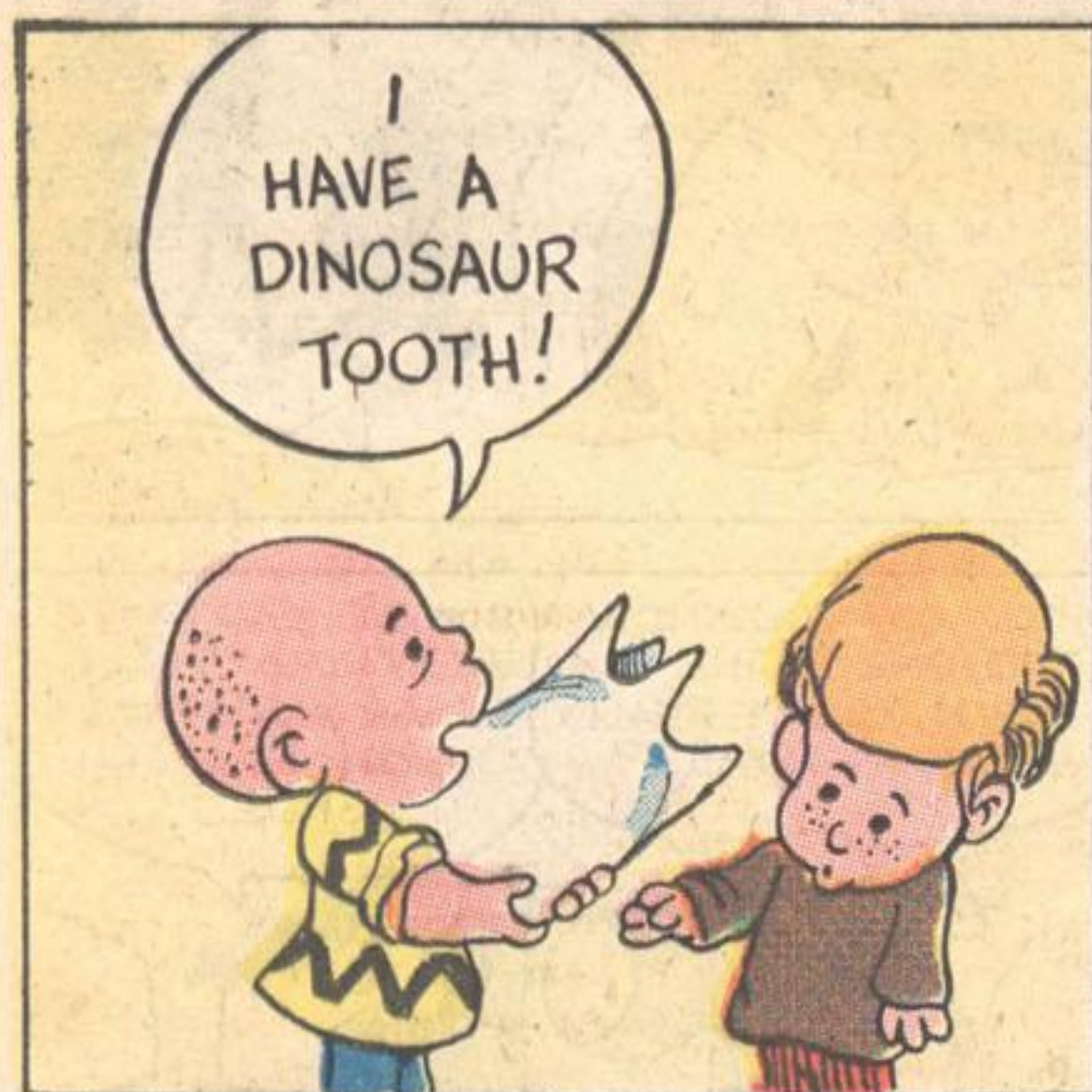
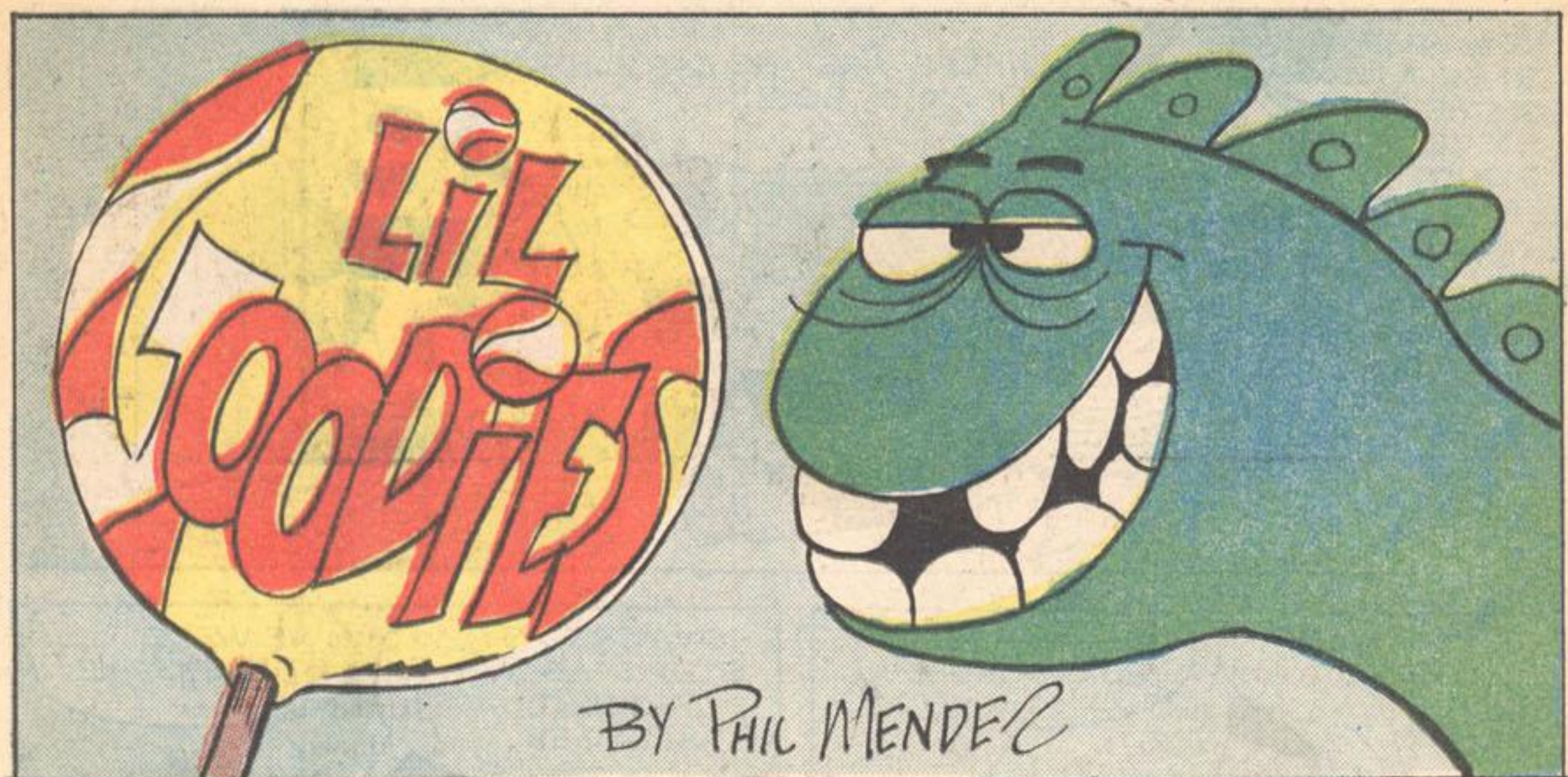
WE'RE IN LUCK,
SLUGGER! THAT SAP
IS COMIN' BACK!

SAP IS RIGHT...
WALKIN' IN
ALONE LIKE
THIS!

YIIIEEE!

GET UP AND COME WITH US,
FATSO, AND DON'T GIVE US
ANY TROUBLE!





LION CUB or PUSSY CAT

What makes a little girl of 9 so smart that she can solve a problem that puzzles adults? So meet her. Her name is Marsha. I once taught in a little country school. She was in my third grade class. Brown eyes and jet black hair. Always friendly. Always willing to help teacher. She received all A's in her subjects. Once a week we had a "Pet Session."

The students would bring their pets to class. Jimmy brought his turtle. Arlene brought her goldfish. Three students only could bring pets each week. And Marsha brought her little pussy cat.

"Where did you get her?" I asked. Figuring some friendly neighbor gave it to her.

"On the road," she told me. "Somebody must have left it there."

The principal came in to observe my class. He took one look at the pussy cat.

"That's a lion cub," he told me. "A circus passed us by on the truck two weeks ago. Must have fallen through the bars of the cage. And onto the road. I won't say it is dangerous at that age. But not a pet for a little girl to keep. I will contact the circus. Also call up her mother."

Needless to say, my students were all thrilled. A real lion cub in the class.

"How do you feed a lion cub?" asked Dotty.

"She's not a lion cub," insisted Marsha. "My little pet is only a poor little pussy. And I am going to keep her. Nobody is going to take her away from me. She's all mine!"

So Marsha's mother came to school. First to see the principal in his office. Then she came into the classroom.

"We went to the school library," she told me. "Looked for books about lions. And also books about cats. I think that my daughter's pet is only a little pussy cat. But the principal is trying to contact the circus."

By lunch time all the students in all the classes knew about Marsha's pet. We put a box on a table in the office. And the little creature was sleeping inside. Didn't know about all the fuss that she created. Of course, Marsha was in charge of her pet.

"She's only a cat," said one little girl. "I wish I had her as a pet."

"You don't know what you are saying," con-

tradicted a much older Boy. I know lions. I have seen all the lion pictures on T.V. When I get older I am going to go to Africa. Go on a trip to hunt lions. They call it a safari."

Mr. Wedgewood specialized in Biology. He took a look at the sleeping animal.

"I will have to admit I can't give a decision. We could wait until she grows up. Then we would know definitely."

"I can prove she is a pussy cat," announced Marsha proudly.

"How can you do that?" Mr. Wedgewood wanted to know.

She whispered something into his right ear. I couldn't hear what she said to him. But a big smile appeared on his face.

"Good idea," he said aloud. "We will try it. We will ask those students who have kittens at home to bring them tomorrow morning. We need about eight or nine of them."

That was done. And there was great excitement in the school. Mr. Wedgewood obtained an old baby pen. This he set up in the yard of the school. Parents came. The local newspaper sent a reporter and a photographer. The question of the day: Lion Cub or Pussy Cat?

Ten girls each brought a kitten. So they were placed in the play pen. Then Marsha put her little pet in last. Mr. Wedgewood started to tickle the kittens. They all responded with the same reaction: Mee-ow, Mee-ow. Then Marsha looked at her pet. And then the little creature began: Mee-ow, Mee-ow.

"No doubt about it," smiled the biology expert. "Definitely a little pussy cat."

The principal was in his office. Waiting for a telephone call from the circus which had finally been located. He told the students the good news.

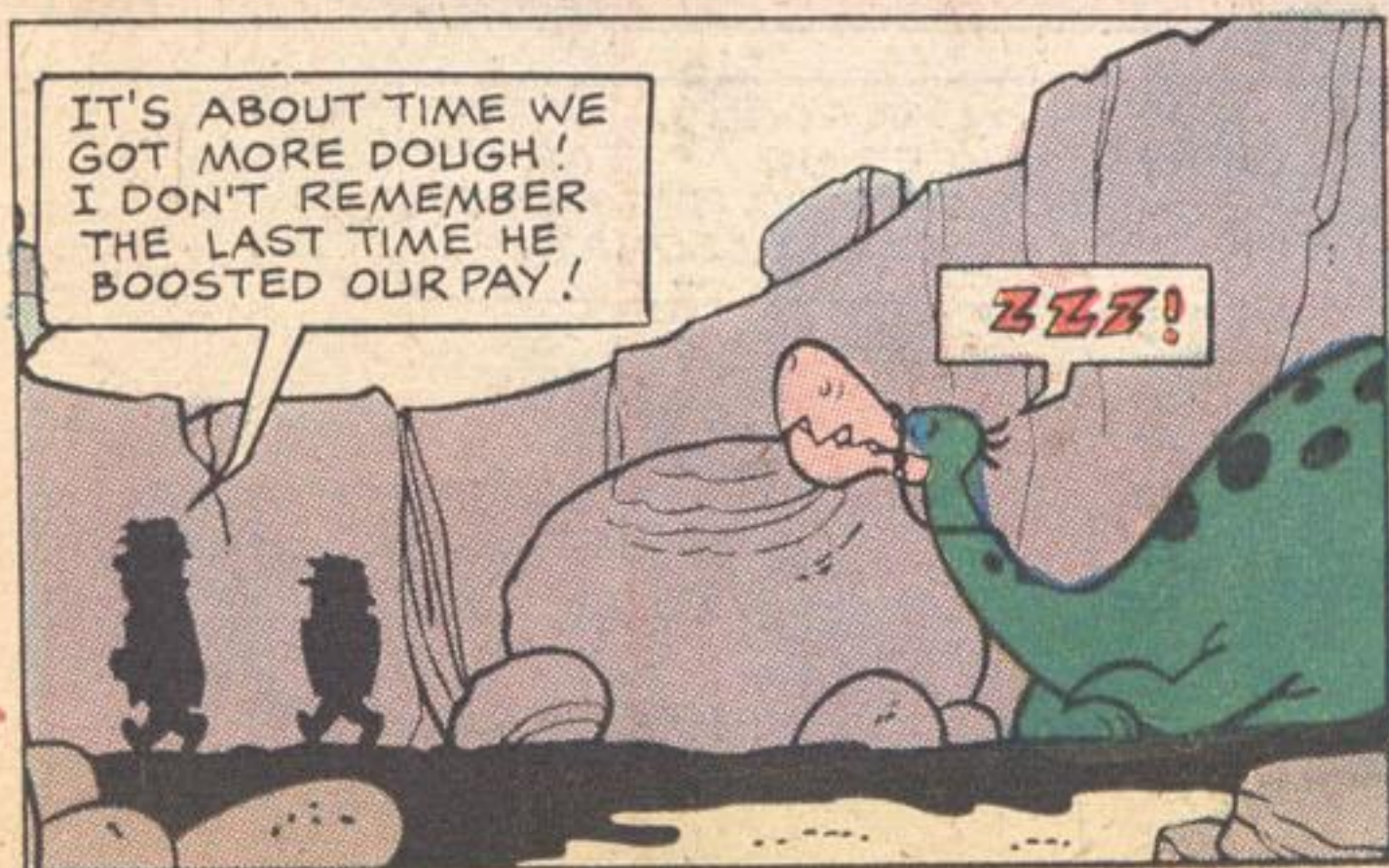
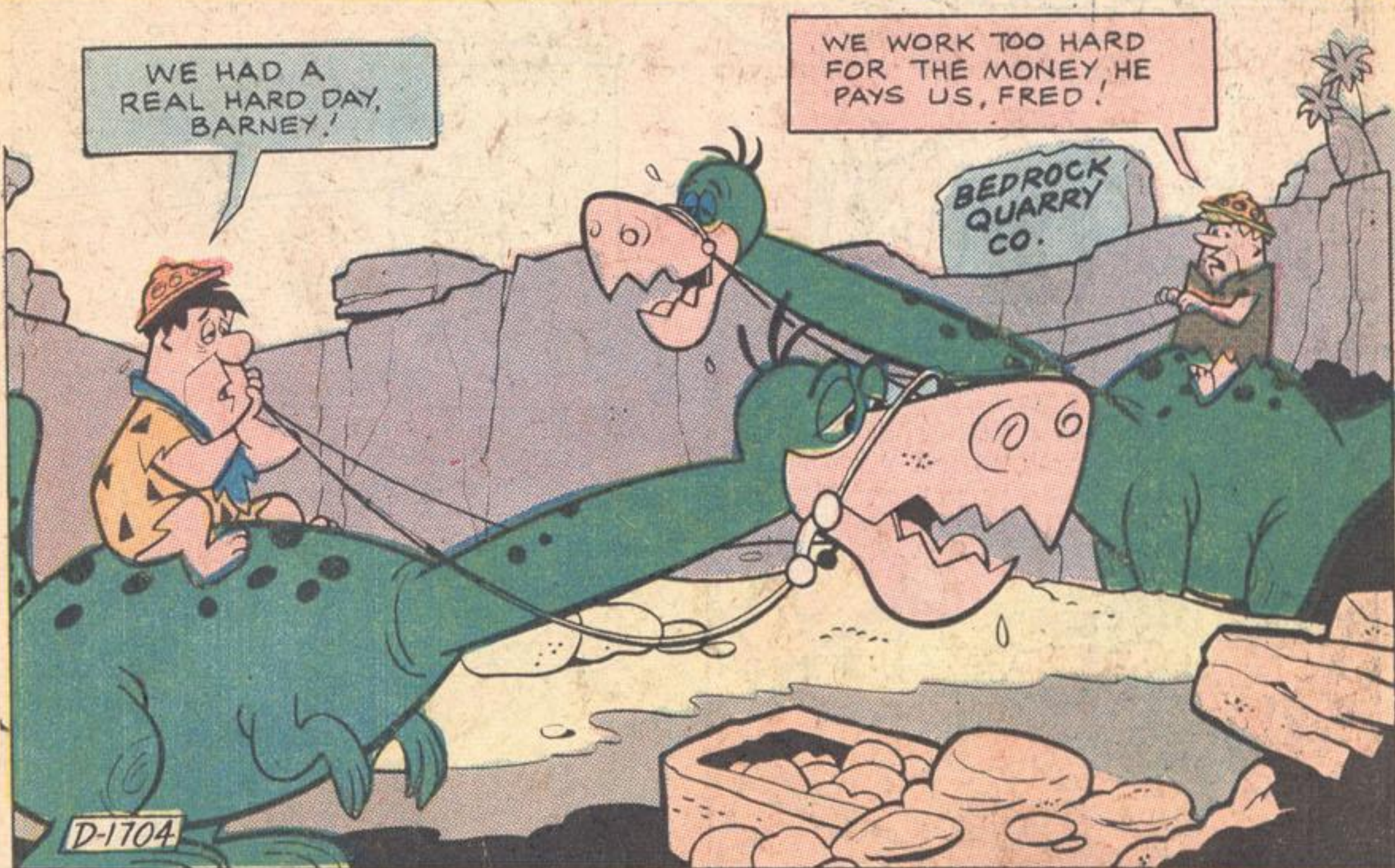
"It is only a kitten. I spoke to the manager of the Circus. They only have two old lions. No lioness. So they couldn't have lost a little lion or cub as it is called."

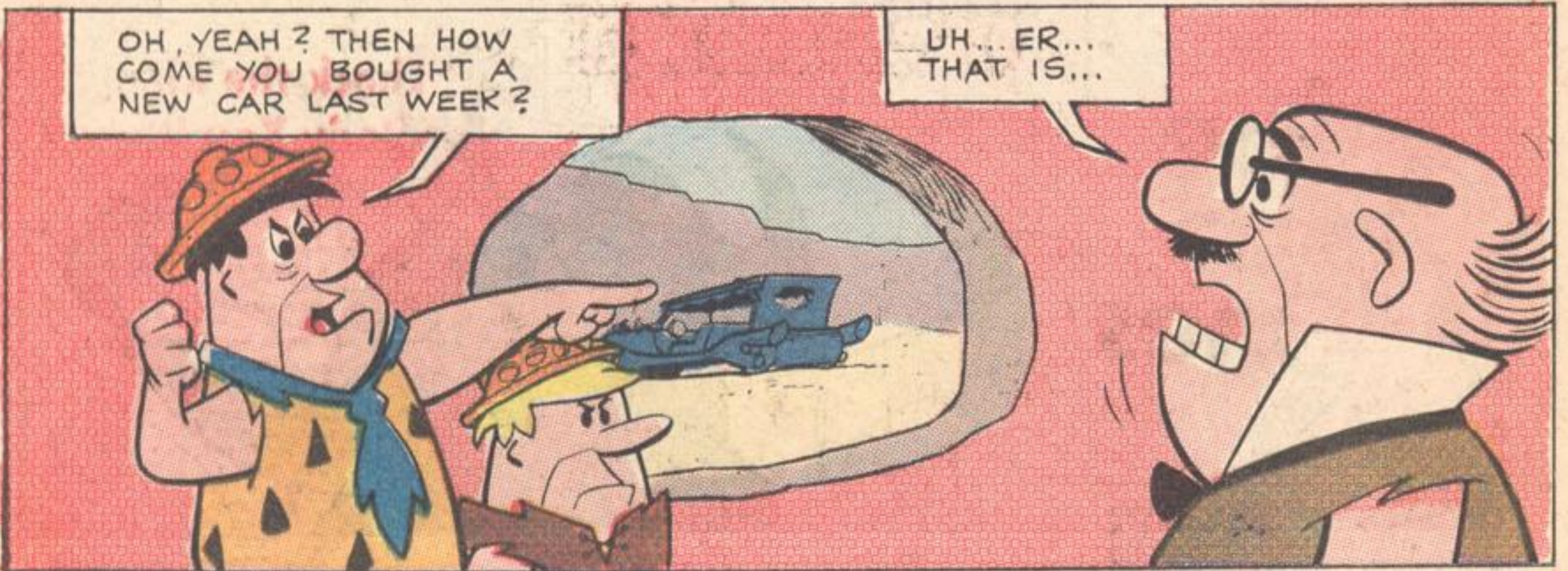
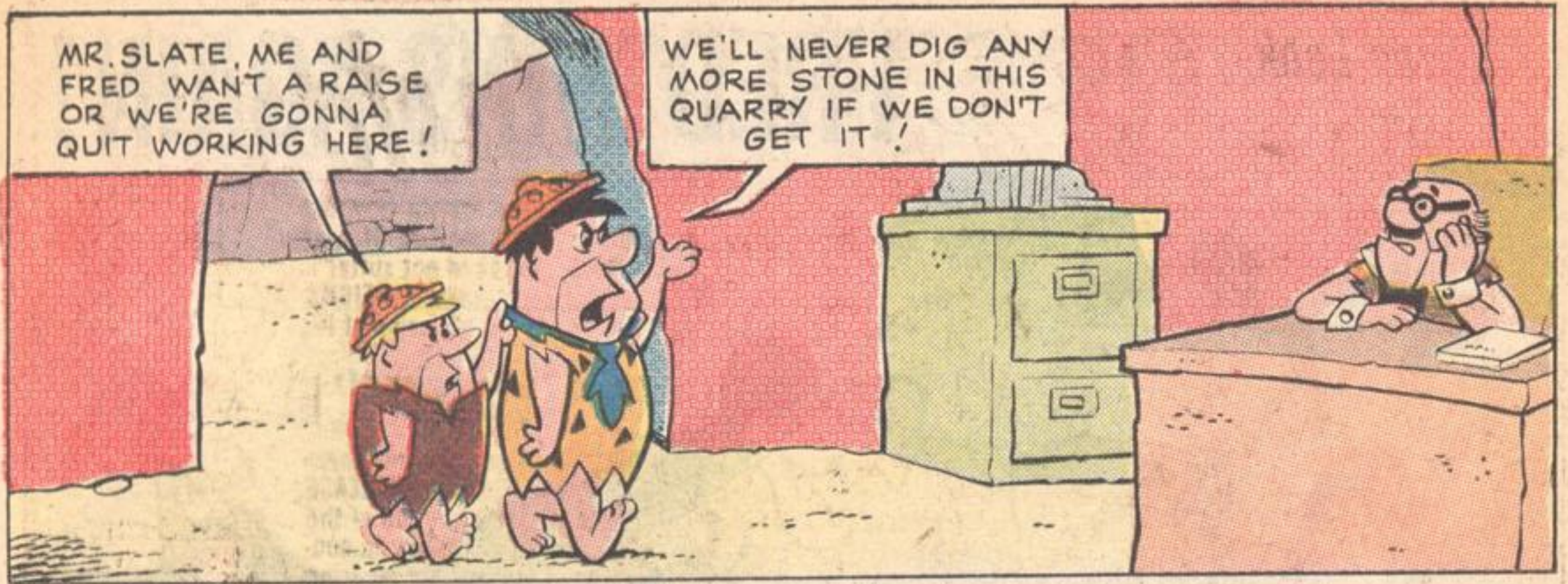
Then the principal learned of how Marsha figured out to prove her pet was only a pussy cat. With the mee-ow as evidence.

"What name are you going to give her?" asked the principal.

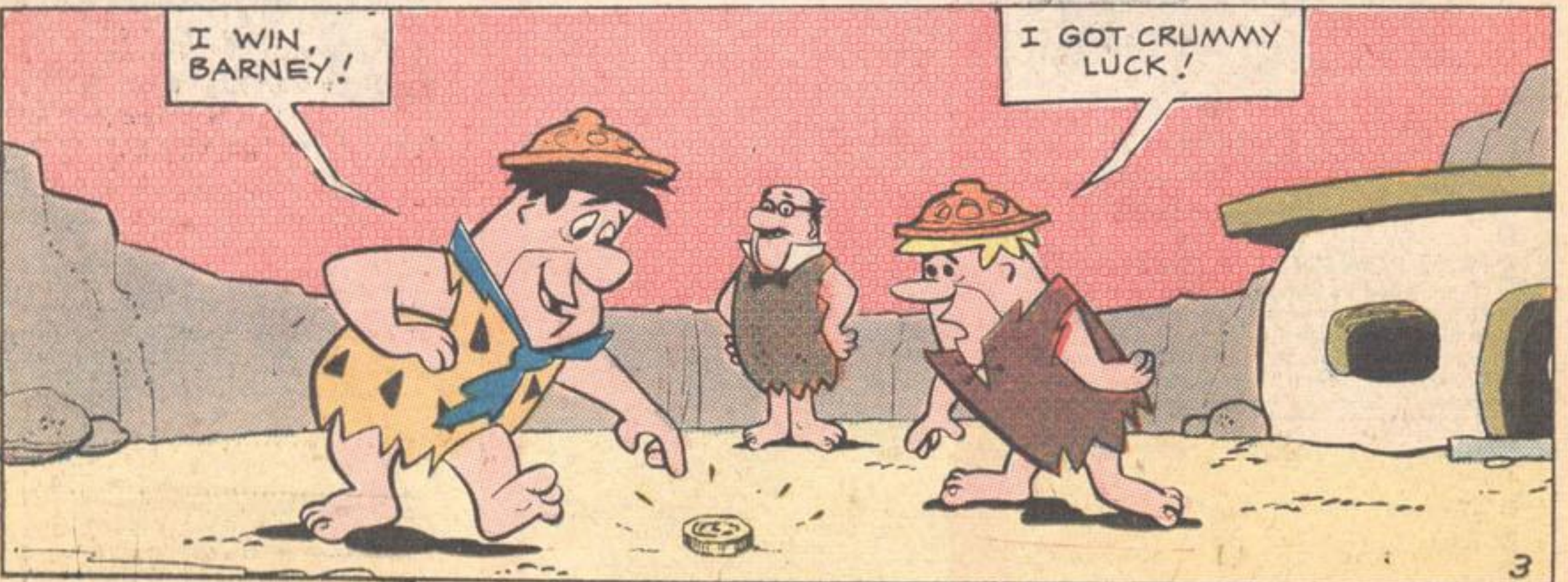
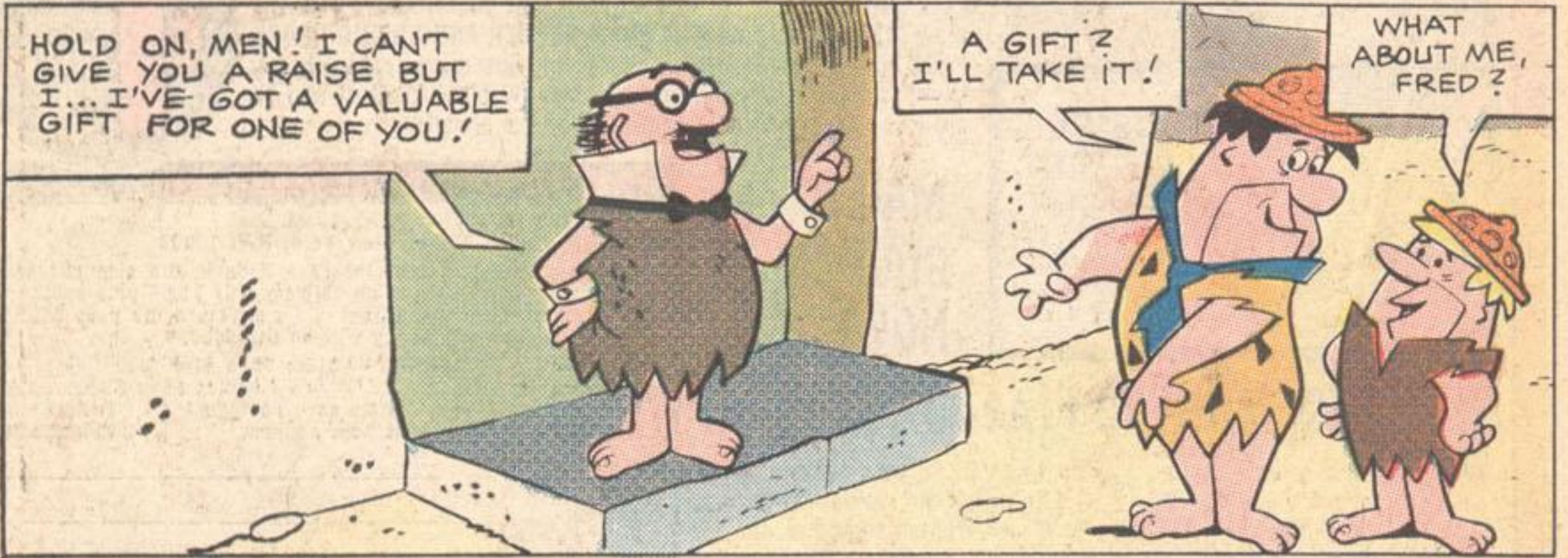
"Lion cub," was the quick response.

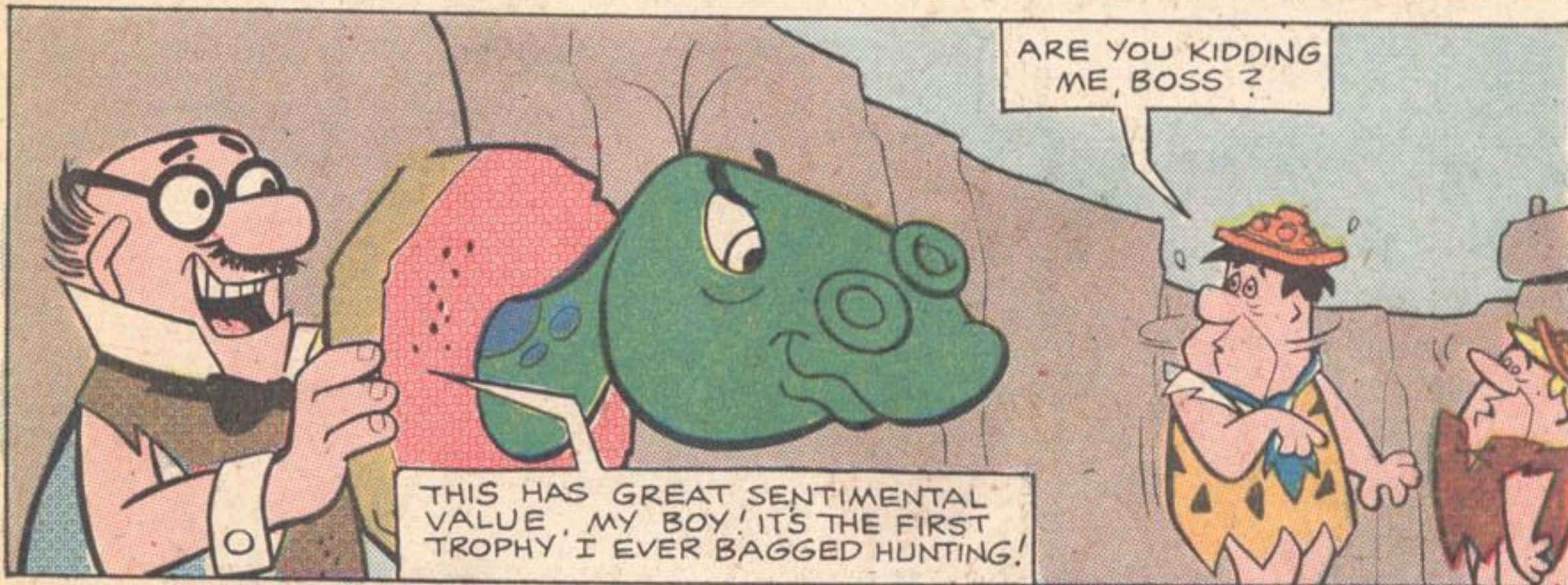
THE FLINTSTONES *in* FRED WINS AGAIN!





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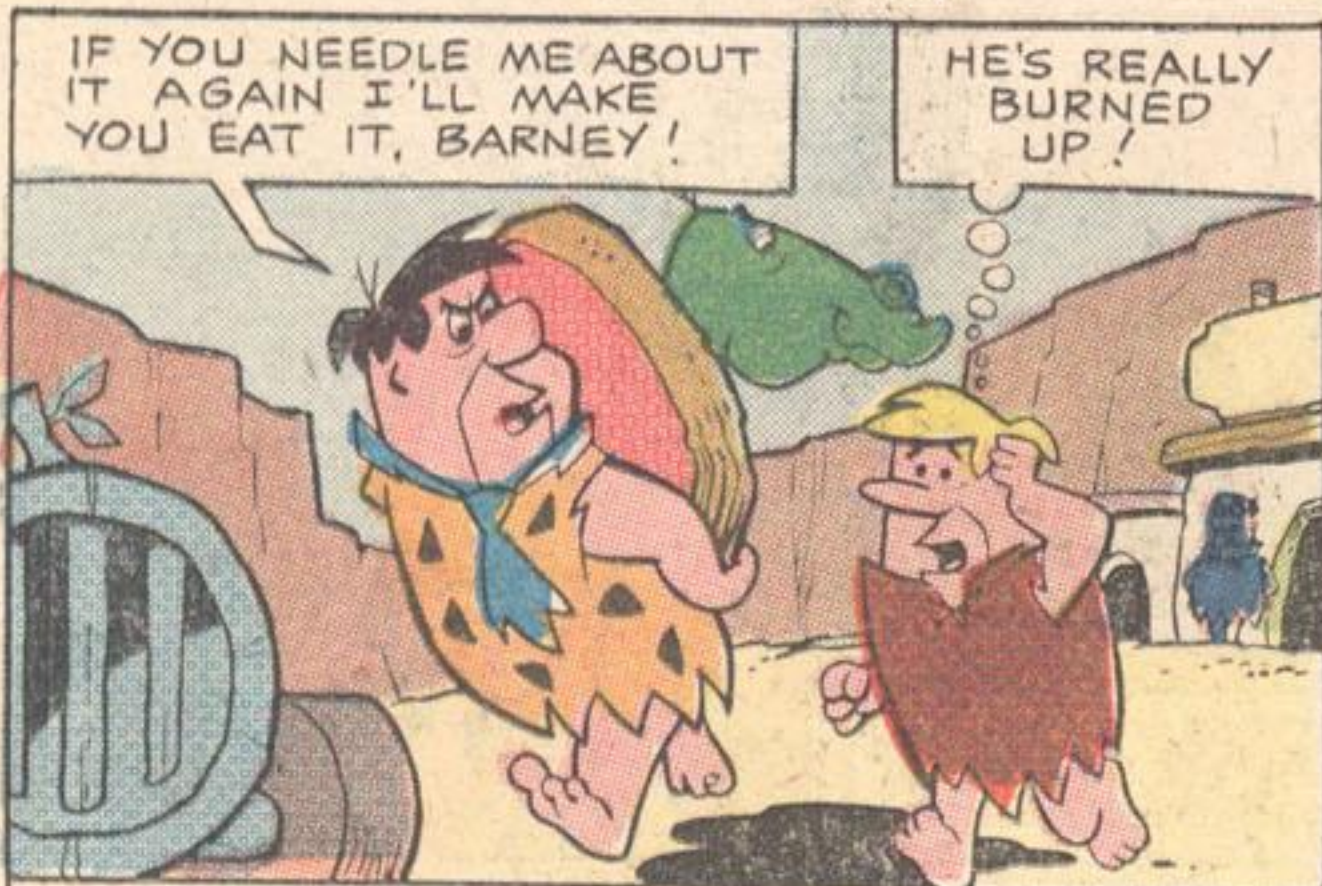
NOON HOUR AND...



WHEEEET!

WHE

TIME FOR LUNCH,
FRED! DON'T FORGET
MR. SLATES' PRESENT!
HEE HEE HEE!



IF YOU NEEDLE ME ABOUT
IT AGAIN I'LL MAKE
YOU EAT IT, BARNEY!

HE'S REALLY
BURNED
UP!



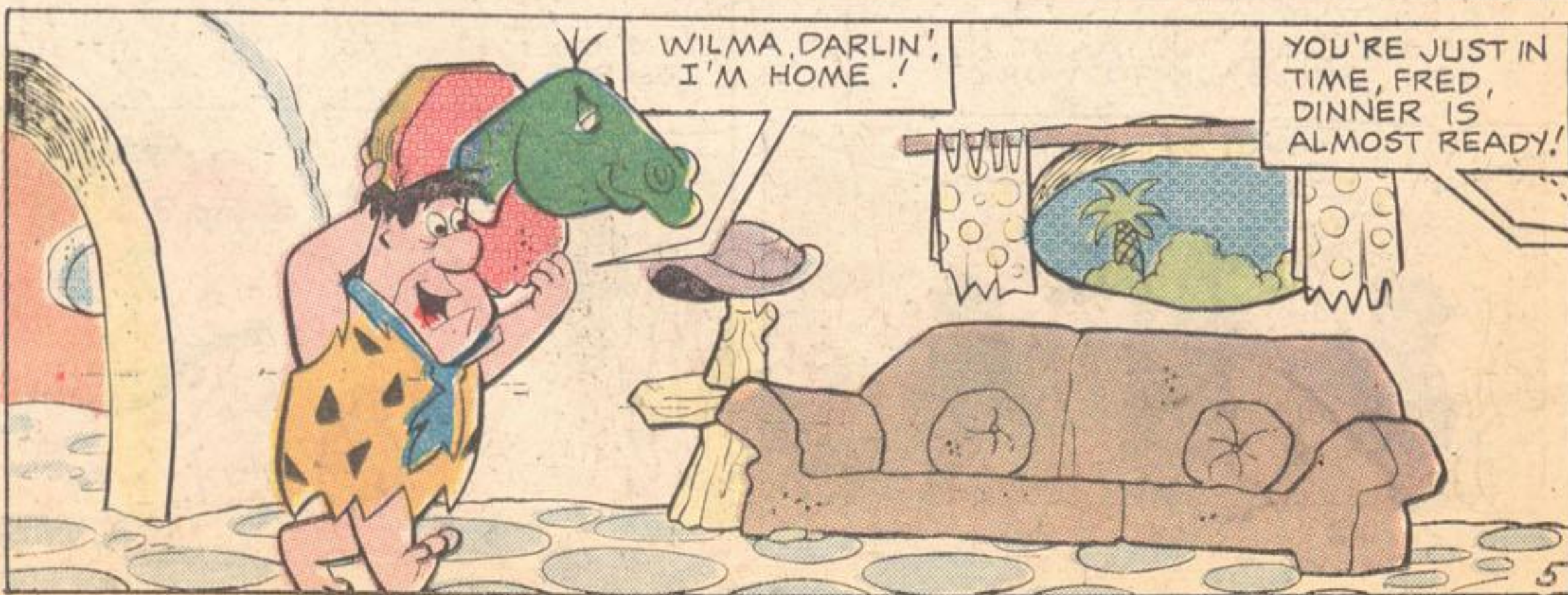
HEE HEE HEE! I REALLY OUT-
FOXED THEM THIS TIME! I
DIDN'T GIVE THEM THE RAISE
THEY DEMANDED AND I GOT RID
OF THAT AWFUL TROPHY MY
WIFE HATED SO MUCH!



AFTER WORK...

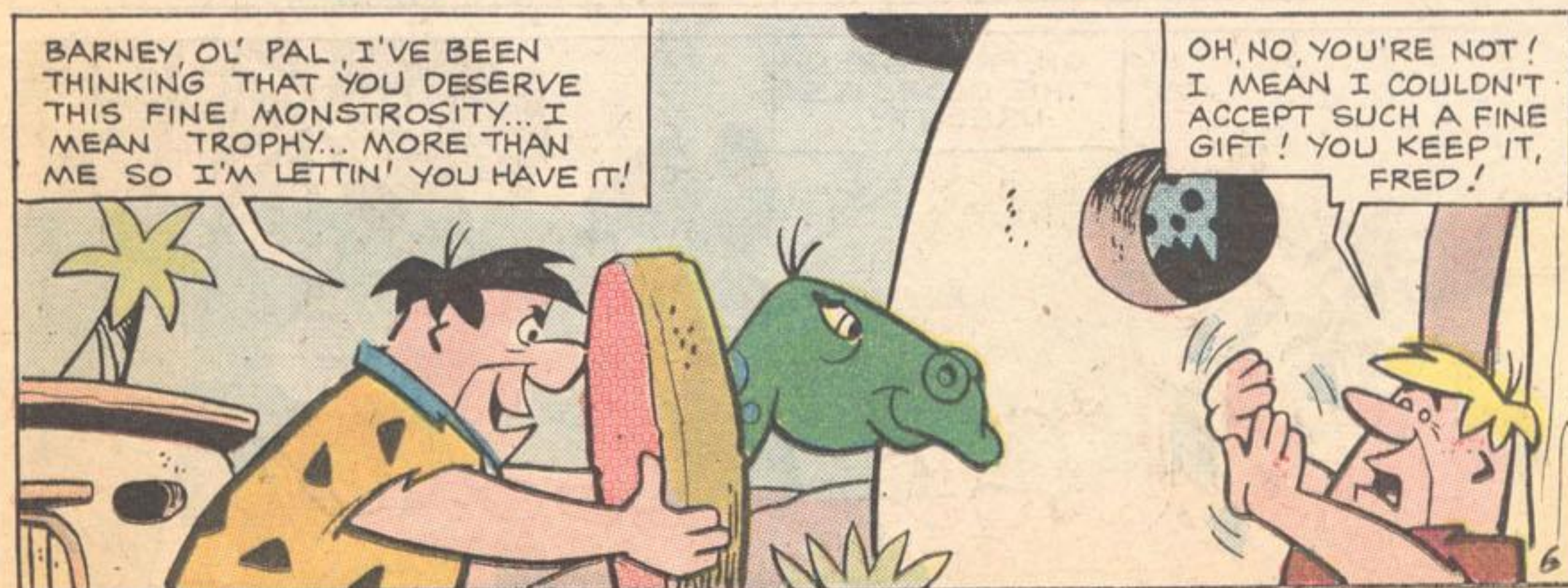
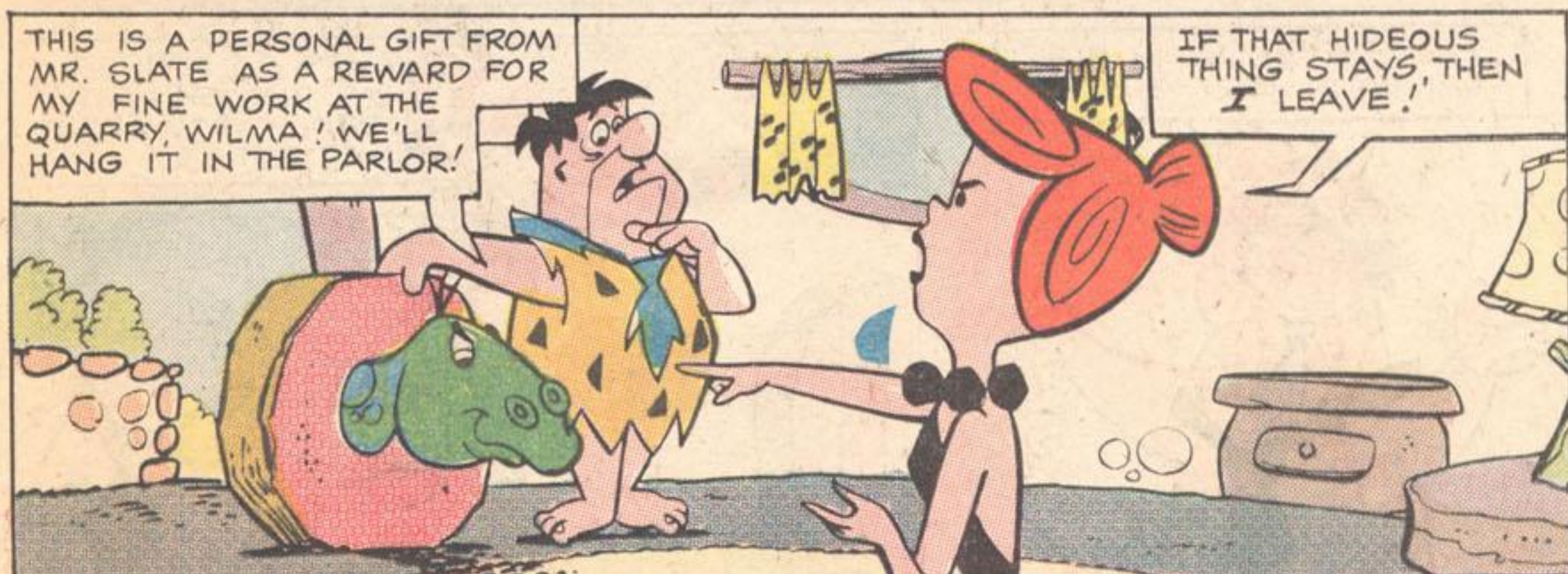
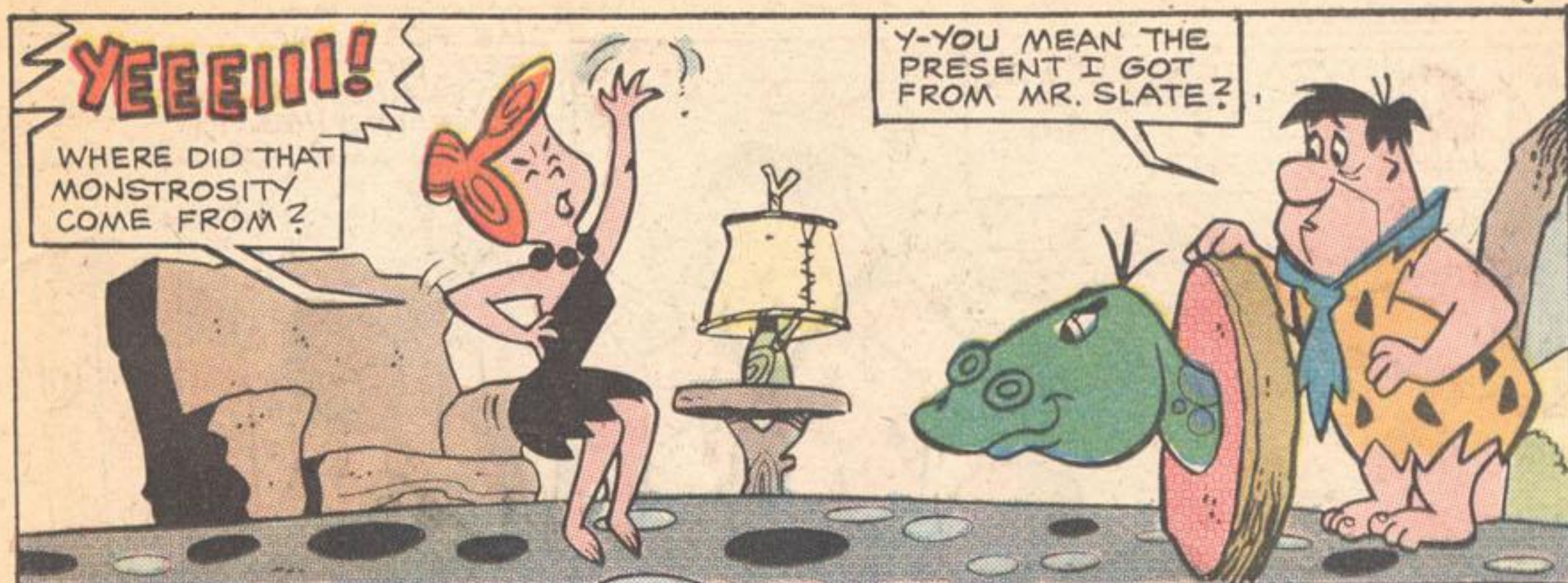
SO LONG, FRED! I HOPE
WILMA LIKES YOUR
WONDERFUL PRESENT!

ONE OF THESE
DAYS, RUBBLE...
GGGRRR



WILMA, DARLIN',
I'M HOME!

YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME, FRED,
DINNER IS
ALMOST READY!





BARNEY, YA GOTTA HELP ME! WILMA THREATENED TO LEAVE HOME IF I DIDN'T GET RID OF IT!

WELL, IF IT'S THAT BAD I'LL HELP YOU OUT, FRED!



HEE HEE HEE! NOW IT'S BARNEY'S HEAD-ACHE!



YIPE! IT SOUNDS AS THOUGH BETTY ISN'T CRAZY ABOUT IT EITHER!



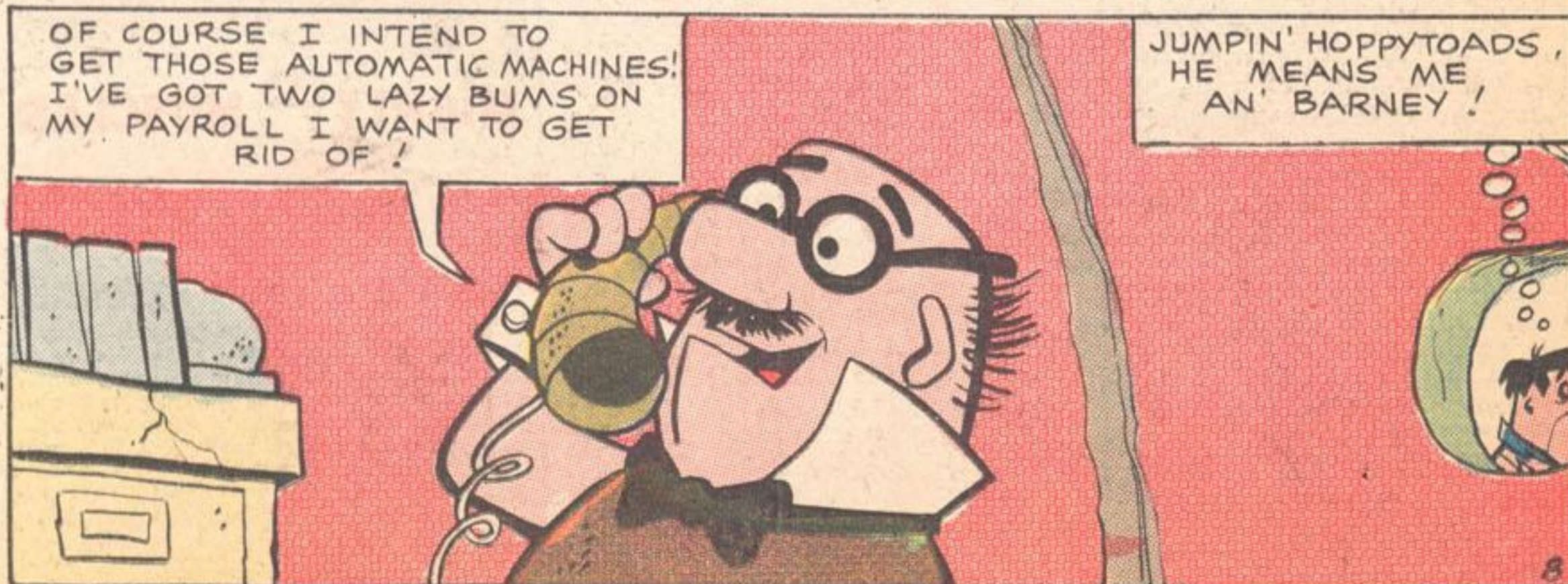
GET THAT HORRIBLE THING OUT OF THIS HOUSE, YOU IDIOT!

WAIT, BETTY, I CAN EXPLAIN...



OH, FRED, OPEN THE DOOR! IT'S URGENT!

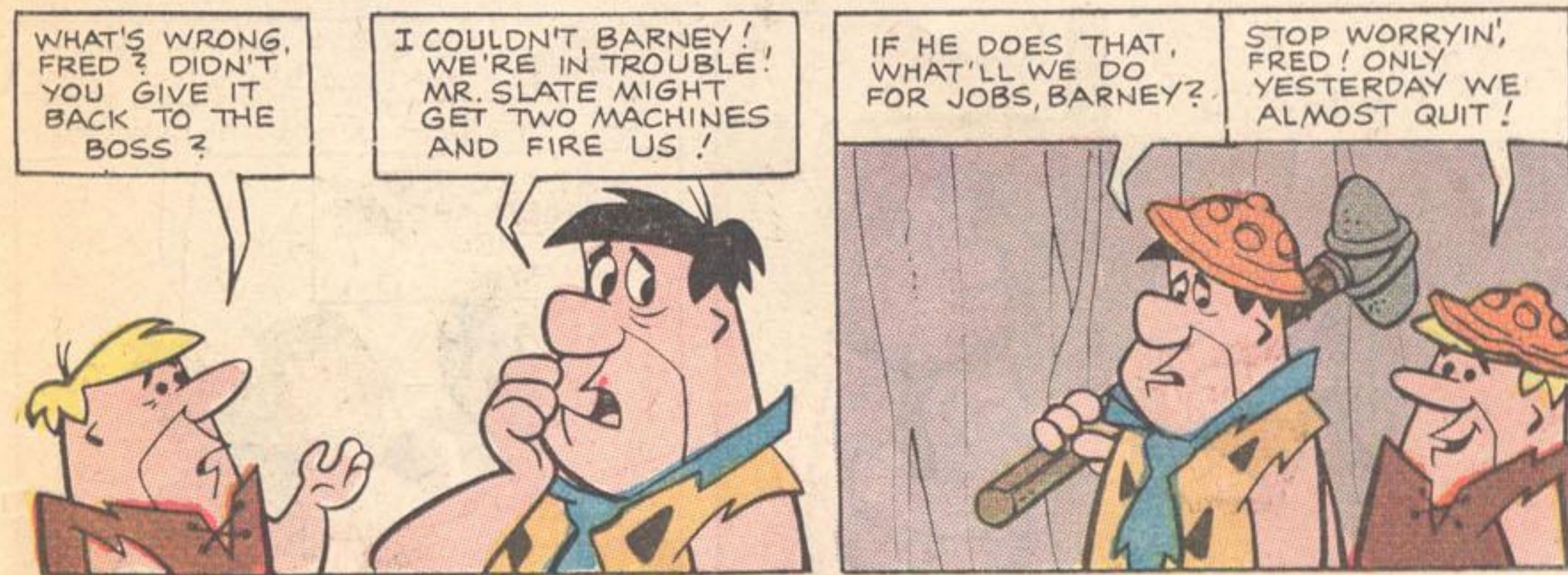
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YES, YES, AS SOON AS I HAVE THE CASH I'LL ORDER THE MACHINES!

I'D BETTER HIDE THIS THING BEFORE THE BOSS SEES IT!



WHAT'S WRONG, FRED? DIDN'T YOU GIVE IT BACK TO THE BOSS?

I COULDN'T, BARNEY! WE'RE IN TROUBLE! MR. SLATE MIGHT GET TWO MACHINES AND FIRE US!

IF HE DOES THAT, WHAT'LL WE DO FOR JOBS, BARNEY?

STOP WORRYIN', FRED! ONLY YESTERDAY WE ALMOST QUIT!



REMEMBER LAST YEAR WHEN WE STAYED OFF THE JOB FOR AWHILE, BARNEY? THAT WASN'T SO GOOD, WAS IT?

WE WERE BROKE, FRED! BETTY WAS MAD AT ME TOO!



REMEMBER HOW HUMILIATING IT WAS WHEN WE HAD TO GO IN AND APOLOGIZE TO MR. SLATE SO HE'D GIVE US OUR JOBS BACK!

I REMEMBER, FRED! YOU'RE RIGHT...

AND THEN...

HEY, FRED, WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE TROPHY HOME WITH YOU? DIDN'T YOU LIKE IT?

I-LIKE IT? OF COURSE I DID, BOSS! I LIKE IT SO MUCH I... I BROUGHT IT TO WORK SO I CAN WATCH IT ALL DAY LONG!

DON'T LEAVE IT HERE, BOOBY, IT MIGHT GET DAMAGED! HANG IT IN YOUR PARLOR!

I'LL DO IT AS SOON AS I GET HOME!

WHAT A SPOT I'M ON! WILMA WON'T LET ME KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE AND THE BOSS WON'T LET ME KEEP IT AT THE QUARRY!

WHAT ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT? JUST THROW IT AWAY!

BARNEY, YOU'RE A GENIUS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

I'M NOT GONNA ANSWER THAT, FRED!

CITY DUMP

BUT WHEN FRED GETS HOME...

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG TO GET HOME, FLINTSTONE?

UH...ER... I DROVE SLOW, MR. SLATE!

